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AN

ACCOUNT

OF THE

RISE, PROGRESS, PRESENT STATE,

AND

INTENDED ENLARGEMENTS,

OF THE

ORPHAN HOSPITAL.

To which is added,

POETICAL MEDITATIONS

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

By T. TOD, *Merchant*,
Treasurer to that Corporation.

PUBLISHED FOR THE BENEFIT
OF THE
ORPHANS.

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BRITISH MUSEUM
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RISE, PROGRESS, PRESENT STATE, *and* INTENDED ENLARGEMENTS *of the* ORPHAN HOSPITAL.

HAVING publiſhed various ſtrictures for the benefit of the Orphan Hoſpital, and there having lately appeared a ſmall pamphlet, intitled, "Original Hymns and Poems, by a private Chriſtian," publiſhed for the benefit of that Hoſpital, which are ſuppoſed by many to be my compoſition; I therefore think it my duty to let the public know, that they are the pious breathings of a well-meaning worthy Chriſtian, the late Mr. James Grant, publiſhed by ſome of his friends without my knowledge; which is one reaſon of the few following Poetical Meditations making their appearance, although not compoſed with any view of publication, but only to amuſe ſome of my leiſure hours.

But as didactic poetry will not admit of thoſe flowery ornaments which often adorn ſubjects of humour and fancy, neither has time permitted me to poliſh and refine them ſo much as I could wiſh; yet at a future period, perhaps, ſome of theſe Meditations may appear in better dreſs, along with other poems, on ſubjects, which though leſs ſerious, may, to ſome, be more entertaining.

However little merit there may be in my publications for the orphans, as the ſentiments flow

from the beſt intention, I flatter myſelf, that they will meet with the ſame favourable reception as my former ſtrictures; not ſo much from their own conſequence, but as they give the benevolent an opportunity of beſtowing a little charity on 130 pleaſant orphans, in whoſe name I gratefully acknowledge the favours of many who received my former lucubrations, by which the managers were enabled to make thoſe uſeful enlargements for the good of the Hoſpital, the ornament of the place, and advantage of the citizens; who now partake of the benefit of the beſt clock in Britain, with the pleaſure of beholding a regular and elegant building for the accommodation of ſo many beautiful children, trained up to be happy and uſeful members, who otherwiſe would have been miſerable burdens to the community.

A ſhort account of the riſe, progreſs, preſent ſtate, and propoſed enlargements of that pious inſtitution muſt be acceptable to every benevolent mind, who conſiders the training up indigent youth in virtue and induſtry, as the moſt eſſential duty of religion, the higheſt exertion of honour, liberality of ſentiment, and public ſpirit.

In the year 1727, Mr. Andrew Gardner merchant, a worthy citizen, obſerving a great number of poor children brought up in vice, idleneſs and beggary, put about a ſubſcription to have ſome of them maintained and educated. And having collected L. 218, he provided for ſeverals, and put them to charity ſchools. In 1733, he took a houſe, got a maſter and miſtreſs, who educated and employed 30 orphans in ſpinning, and other houſe work. The deſign was ſo benevolent, that the generous ſoon appeared,

BRITISH MUSEUM 30 61 APR

peared, and aided the ſcheme of erecting an Orphan Hoſpital, the foundation of which was laid the 28th June, 1734, and next year was opened for the reception of orphans. In 1738, the Magiſtrates and Town Council granted them a ſeal of cauſe, and in 1742, they obtained a patent from his Majeſty King George II. erecting them into a Corporation, under the name of the Orphan Hoſpital and Work Houſe at Edinburgh.

By public collections and private donations, the funds of the Corporation roſe, ſo as to maintain eighty children. But in 1743, when the Charity Work-houſe was built, being deprived of public collections at the churches, they were reduced to 30 orphans; although it was ſoon found that the Orphan Hoſpital was noways incompatible with the intereſt of the poor houſe, but rather a great benefit to it, as many orphans educated there, had a proper title to the Charity Work-houſe. Nevertheleſs, in a few years, by legacies, donations, and large collections at the Rev. Mr. Whitefield's, and other divines preaching in the Orphan's Park, the funds from time to time increaſed, with the number of orphans, till they are now above 130.

In 1781, by the number of children taken in, they were ſo much crowded in that part of the houſe then built, as rendered an enlargement abſolutely neceſſary. But no plan of the houſe appearing, a regular deſign of the whole Hoſpital when compleat, was drawn out, with a ſpire, ſtair, parapet wall, iron rail, and other uſeful improvements. An addreſs to the public with the engraved elevation of the houſe was ſent to the benevolent, by whoſe liberal contributions, the addition of one wing was compleated, to

which improvement there was added a genteel ſpire, which renders the appearance of the Hoſpital more uniform and elegant.

The enlargement of the Hoſpital became the more neceſſary, as in 1782, there were introduced into the houſe many different manufactures, ſince which time the children are employed as ſhoemakers, taylors, book-binders, milliners, mantua-makers, &c. which required a great deal more room for theſe operations; the many advantages of which, both to the childrens health, and the funds of the Hoſpital, are obvious. After the hours of their education in reading, writing, arithmetic and religion, they are all pleaſantly employed in uſeful work, ſuited to their ages; which, by gentle activity gives ſtrength and vigour to their little bodies, and by early exertions, brightens the riſing genius of their young minds. To every hour there is aſſigned ſome employment, and not a child but has ſome poſt or place, from which, it is their greateſt correction to be degraded, though the meaneſt office in that little republic.

There is, perhaps, no houſe to be found where ſuch a number of youth are more virtuouſly educated, employed and maintained at leſs expence, with more regularity and œconomy, than in the Orphan Hoſpital, or who are ſo happily appointed with a maſter and miſtreſs for conducting it; they have a moſt agreeable way of gaining the childrens affection, eſteem and veneration, by which they are in the greateſt ſubjection, with very little correction or chaſtiſement. Having acquired ſomewhat like a parental affection for indigent youth, their whole attention, night and day, is to make them virtuous, healthy and happy. With pleaſure they attend to their various operations, and ſmile on their

amuſements

amuſements of dancing, ſinging, and other little diverſions. But when chaſtiſements are neceſſary, which very ſeldom happens, it is done with great pomp and ceremony. A jury of their peers are called, before whom the maſter charges the pannel and receives a verdict, on which ſentence is pronounced according to the nature of the crime, to be executed on ſome future day, if intereſt is not made for a reprieve. After chaſtiſement they thank the maſter, who gives them a friendly admonition, ſhakes hands with them, and orders no more to be mentioned about the offence.

From the pleaſure of ſeeing youth educated and trained up to knowledge, virtue and happineſs, I cannot help obſerving, that the affectionate and gentle, are the moſt rational and effectual means of obtaining that important end. It is one of the great improvements of ſociety, that parents and teachers uſe children more like rational creatures, than in former periods, when a cruel auſterity reigned in the ſchools, and teachers often chaſtiſed with that ſeverity, which appeared as much to indulge their own paſſions, as to correct the child. They are unworthy of the truſt committed to them, who beat or bruiſe a tender youth, and he whoſe feelings can allow him in paſſion to ſhed a ſweet child's blood, by way of correction, ought to have his blood ſhed, and be degraded from being a teacher.

Such barbarity not only torments pleaſant children, but by keeping their minds in conſtant dread and terror, affects their animal ſpirits, the ſource of all health and vivacity. And as example goes further than precept, their natural ſweet tempers are changed to that petulent and haſty diſpoſition, which

their

their teachers are poſſeſſed of, whom they will naturally imitate. Happy it is for ſociety, that a greater liberality of ſentiment now appears in the inſtruction of youth, both in literature and religion.

Such are the agreeable tempers and good diſpoſitions of Mr. William Peebles, and Mrs. Margaret Grahame, the worthy teachers in the Orphan Hoſpital, that the children never ſee any immoderate paſſion to alarm their young minds; nor ſuffer puniſhment, except when they are made ſenſible that it is for their advantage, which being very ſeldom executed, makes it have a better effect. Little diſgraces and affronts, by depriving them of offices and places, or if they deviate from the truth, ſetting them on the *Liar's ſeat*, which is wrote above it in large capitals, has a much better effect than corporal puniſhment, which often repeated, ſerves no purpoſe, but to eradicate that delicacy of mind—the ornament of modeſt youth.

Thus, trained up to virtue and induſtry, it is amazing how much work theſe young creatures perform. A particular account of which, I had the pleaſure to lay before the Managers, in a memorial of the whole annual ſtate of the ſtock, expenditure and tranſactions of the Hoſpital. An account of which work, muſt be acceptable to every friend of the orphans.

In the courſe of one year, the boys carded wool, and ſpun as much yarn as made 530 yards of woollen ſtuff, which clothed 130 boys and girls; they likewiſe ſpun as much wool into yarn, as made 260 pairs of ſtockings, which were all knit in the houſe by their own little hands. As book-binders, they bound all the books uſed in the Hoſpital, and given to thoſe who were ſet out to buſineſs. As

ſhoemakers,

ſhoemakers, they made and mended all the ſhoes for the whole children. As taylors, they made and mended all their own body cloaths. All which, were not only conſiderable ſavings, but prepared them for different employments when they went out of the Hoſpital.

The girls, beſide the ordinary employments of cleaning the houſe, making the beds, waſhing, dreſſing, and ſerving in the kitchen, ſpun as much linen yarn, as produced 452 yards of better linen than any hoſpital children wear. They made all their own cloaths. The youngeſt were employed in making lace, the produce of which is every year increaſing, and is ready for ſale at the Hoſpital. They are likewiſe much improved in church muſic and common ſongs, which keeps them always chearful at work, and qualifies them for being excellent nurſery maids, and better ſervants than moſt young girls, who come from the country for that purpoſe.

Separate from the great ſavings of the funds of the Hoſpital, and to the promoting of that diligence and activity neceſſary to poor children, it is of great advantage, to be made capable of making and mending their own cloaths, ſhoes, &c. in their future occupations of life. Having mentioned that they are remarkably clean and healthy, it is proper to account for their being ſo. The admiſſion into other hoſpitals, is circumſcribed to the particular children of tradeſmen, burgeſſes or members of the Merchant Company, who can claim their privilege thereto, if free from ſcrophulous diſeaſes. But all are admitted into the Orphan Hoſpital from any part of the Britiſh empire, and the beſt title to it, is the indigence of their families. And as there are always a vaſt number of petitions, more than the funds can admit,

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the Managers are very candid in preferring thoſe who have the greateſt number of children.

But in former times, by a miſtaken opinion of ſome Managers, who looked on it as a greater charity to prefer the weak, feeble and decrepid, the Hoſpital was often crouded with invalids, difficult and expenſive to rear up, and more ſo to get them diſpoſed of as ſervants, or apprentices; and when the additional manufactures before-mentioned, were introduced into the houſe, theſe tender children were found unfit for theſe purpoſes. Therefore, I made it appear, that it was not only more for the advantage of the Hoſpital, but a more rational charity, to prefer the clean and healthy children of thoſe numerous families who applied for admiſſion. The mothers always wiſhed to have the moſt feeble of their children diſpoſed of; and we take but one of a family; if they are to beg, the decrepid will claim compaſſion, more than the ſtout and healthy.

But there is one important difference in preferring the beſt females of an indigent family. In the preſent degenerated times, poor girls who are any way handſome, are too often early ſacrificed to the unruly paſſions of cruel, wicked, ungenerous, and diſhonourable men; who, inſtead of ſupporting the indigent, ſink them into the deepeſt miſery. Therefore, by taking them into the Hoſpital, they are not only protected from ruin, but the poor family from diſhonour; and by rearing them up in virtuous induſtry, they are enabled to be comforts to their indigent friends.

The Managers have therefore agreed to the following mode of admiſſion, *viz.* That before a petition is given in to the Treaſurer, the children in the poor family muſt be preſented, that he may chuſe a ſtout

boy,

boy, or healthy girl, for whom a petition is to be made out a month before the election, that he may have time to inquire into the indigence of the family, and repreſent it to the Managers at the election every Candlemas. In conſequence of which, the Hoſpital is now filling up with healthy children, fit for work, who will ſoon become uſeful members of ſociety; while the feeble and decrepid, either get into poor houſes, or command the attention of their parents or friends.

As a particular evidence of the propriety of this manner of admiſſion, from Candlemas 1784, to Candlemas 1785, no diſeaſe or ſickneſs has happened amongſt them, to prevent a ſingle child in that houſe from attending public worſhip, education, or work; and I may add, that both from my attention to them as Treaſurer, and the pleaſure of frequently viſiting that pretty family, I have not ſeen, in a whole year, a thimble-full of tears ſhed, except for joy.

While they are at work, it is pleaſant to hear their young voices, either ſinging, or one reading ſome entertaining ſtory, to which they are all attention; this, with a variety of little amuſements, enlivens their ſpirits, and makes them ever happy and gay; from all which, I am humbly of opinion, that one of the beſt general rules, for promoting and preſerving the health of children, is to keep their young minds ever innocently chearful: As ſeparate from health, there can be no real happineſs, ſo a chearful diſpoſition of mind, is the great promoter of health; and the ſingular inſtance of it in the Orphan Hoſpital for a year paſt, is a greater proof of that maxim, than can be drawn from any reaſoning on the ſubject.

It is as remarkable as agreeable, that 130 orphans, ſhould for a whole year in one houſe, enjoy ſo much health and happineſs; which evinces how much, both parents and public directors of youth, are concerned in the obſervation of thoſe means which Heaven has bleſt to preſerve the health and vivacity of the children in this Hoſpital. Eſpecially if it is conſidered, that every year a great number of them are admitted half naked, or in dirty rags, from their indigent friends, who are unable either to give them the neceſſaries or comforts of life.

The particular rules for the exerciſe and œconomy of that houſe, would be here too tedious to mention. But, in general, they conſiſt in a conſtant attention to keep the children clean, by often bathing and waſhing their joints with ſoap-water, and taking every method to prevent their being infeſted with any foulneſs or vermin, for which reaſon their hair is cut ſhort, and their heads waſhed with bran and water; they go without ſtockings from May to September. Care is alſo taken that their ſleeping wards be daily cleaned, and freed from every thing that may contaminate the air, oppoſite windows being opened through the day, to give it free circulation.

Their diet is plain, regular and plentiful; particular attention is paid that the meal and loaf bread be of the beſt quality, which are the largeſt part of their aliment. Much of the day is employed in their education, and the variety of manufactures are ſo well ſuited to their different ages, that they are rather a healthy exerciſe than hard labour, which might hurt the tender fibres of youth. They are allowed and encouraged to fill up intervening periods, with little amuſements and diverſions, without and within

in doors, ſuch as dancing to their own ſongs, which keeps up that chearful vivacity, abſolutely neceſſary to the health as well as the natural ſweet temper of youth; and in good weather, they romp and run on the green, or follow ſuch amuſements as their own little fancies dictate, of which they have great variety.

They are all aſſembled in the great hall every morning and evening to public worſhip, where it is delightful to hear the pleaſant harmony of their young voices in ſinging hymns and pſalms; and, by the great attention of their teachers both in public and private, their minds are conſtantly impreſſed with the principles of religion, and propriety of conduct in life.

What feeling mind, but muſt wiſh to ſee that charitable inſtitution enlarged and perpetuated, for the pleaſure and advantage of ſociety? It is therefore propoſed, as ſoon as the funds will permit, to add the two end wings, with many improvements and conveniencies, to accommodate 100 ſtout boys, and 100 fine healthy girls, whereof 30 to 40 might be ſent out every year, the boys as apprentices to different manufacturers or ſailors, and the girls, as virtuous, well educated houſe-maids; from which ſtations, we have often the pleaſure to ſee them riſe to higher ſpheres in life.

Though the preſent eſtabliſhed ſtock of the Corporation cannot ſupport above 110 orphans, yet, as by the long dearth of proviſions, there have been this year petitions from numerous indigent families, —truſting to the uſual liberality of the public, the Managers agreed to admit 26 poor children, which will make the number between 134 and 140, accor-

ding as the oldeſt are ready to be put out, or as they get maſters and miſtreſſes.

From the univerſal ſatisfaction which this uſeful charity gives to ſociety, with the liberal donations and legacies by which it has been eſtabliſhed, raiſed and ſupported, there is reaſon to hope for the conſtant increaſe of its funds and benefactors, ſo that when compleated, it will be looked on as one of the beſt charitable inſtitutions in Europe, which the great and worthy Mr. Howard, after ſpending many pleaſant hours in this houſe of harmony and happineſs, declared it to be. He has not only publiſhed a very favourable account of it, in that uſeful and entertaining hiſtory of his benevolent travels through the world, but as a further mark of his eſteem, has remitted a liberal donation; and, conſidering the ſingular attention he pays to ſchemes of charity and mercy, and the numerous objects, who by various means partake of his conſtant beneficence—his countenance and approbation do honour to the Corporation.

In his humane tour, there are many very fine engravings of Hoſpitals, Bridewells, Priſons, &c. through Europe, which he traverſed at great expence, labour and hazard, to inveſtigate the beſt means of relieving diſtreſs, propagating virtue and induſtry, and ſuppreſſing idleneſs and vice, for which purpoſes, theſe ſuperb buildings are erected in all civilized countries, as an honour and ornament to their conſtitution.

Amongſt thoſe in Britain, Greenwich Hoſpital in England, and Heriot's Hoſpital in Scotland, appear with greater elegance than his Majeſty's palaces. One exhibits the gratitude that is due to the brave ſailors, who have ſpent their lives in defence of their country,

try, and is a great incitement for others to follow their example, and be rendered worthy of that noble reward which the wiſdom and humanity of government have provided, as the pleaſant and honourable retreat of their old age. And what can be a greater honour to ſociety than that other houſe of humanity for rearing up youth to virtue and induſtry, or more worthy to be the outward ornament of a country, the glory of whoſe government is to promote knowledge, virtue, induſtry, freedom and happineſs. The grandeur of palaces, or noblemen and gentlemen's ſumptuous buildings, do honour to the particular proprietors, but the elegance of public buildings for ſuch noble purpoſes, ſpeak the humanity of publiç adminiſtration, and add a dignity to the nation.

For which purpoſe, and the neceſſity of having more room, the elevation of the Orphan Hoſpital was drawn, as hereto prefixed, to raiſe it from that obſcurity under which it was hid, and however diſagreeable to ſome narrow party ſpirits, the liberal and humane have not only approved of the deſign, but contributed to the accompliſhment of it; whereby, after the wing, ſpire, and ſtair are finiſhed, with many uſeful alterations, for the better accommodation, health, and convenience of the childrens working at their various new manufactures, the ſtock of the Corporation has not been impaired, but the number of children are increaſed. Hoſpitals, however elegant without, are adapted within to the plain living of the poor inhabitants; but to give dignity to the governors, they generally have a grand hall where they meet on the buſineſs of the inſtitution; every part, therefore, in the Orphan Hoſpital, is plain, clean, healthy and convenient.

As the proſperity and happineſs of a ſtate greatly depend on the number of its inhabitants, if properly educated and employed, all wiſe nations have taken every method, not only to increaſe population, and retain the inhabitants, but to invite and encourage ſtrangers to dwell amongſt them; for which reaſons, kingdoms and commonwealths vie with each other, in proportion to their progreſſion in civilization, by erecting ſuperb public edifices and exhibitions of riches, grandeur and hoſpitality, to inſpire mankind with the apprehenſion that their countries are the moſt agreeable, either to viſit or poſſeſs.

Elegant churches, grand temples, and ſuperb places of worſhip, are emblems of their regard to devotion and religion; colleges, ſchools, and hoſpitals, to literature, charity, and humanity; and priſons, bridewells, and correction houſes, to juſtice, and the ſuppreſſion of vice and immorality. Theſe are the firſt things which attract the attention and notice of travellers, and give them and their own people a favourable opinion of the wiſdom and juriſprudence of a nation.

As narrow minds, void of refined taſte or public ſpirit, are generally unbountiful, and careleſs about any other happineſs than what concerns themſelves, it is natural for them to be inimical to the elegant embelliſhments of public improvements, eſpecially if they are to pay any part of the expence; but the generous, the liberal and humane, ſenſible that the pooreſt citizens of taſte, as well as the more opulent, partake a patriotic pride and pleaſure in every noble and ſuperb public erection; therefore, they encourage and promote them, as there is not an elegant church, beautiful ſpire, pleaſant hoſpital, convenient bridge, or

uſeful road erected or improved, but gives them a heartfelt ſatisfaction. Such worthy citizens who rejoice in promoting and contributing to every public inſtitution, not only indulge their own taſte for ſymmetry and beauty, but are the means of advancing the eaſe, intereſt, ſafety and happineſs of others; and nothing can give more general ſatisfaction, than the proſpect which the Orphan Hoſpital, when finiſhed, will afford to all unprejudiced minds.

But however flattering my expectations may be of the completion and permanency of this noble inſtitution, when I reflect on the gloomy anticipations of its deſtruction in Dr. M'Farlan's Inquiries into the State of the Poor, on which I formerly publiſhed my Obſervations, they often damp the ardour of my preſent hopes. Yet after revolving in my mind, what could induce a Reverend Author of ſo much knowledge and diſcernment, to publiſh ſuch dreadful prophecies or predictions, concerning an inſtitution which he ſeems to think preferable to any other hoſpital, his reaſons now appear to me more perſpicuous, eſpecially, when I reflect on hearing him in a public court, profeſs an abhorrence to all factions, and, I think, he publicly declared, he was of no party. As, therefore, his averſion to party-faction, muſt flow from his wiſe obſervations on the bad conſequences to every ſociety that is infeſted with it, he has certainly foreſeen, when treating of the Orphan Hoſpital, that by no other means, his predictions could poſſibly come to paſs; which, in his Inquiries, page 229, he expreſſes in theſe words:

'Particular charitable zeal will become luke-
'warm; that a ſet of governors may ſucceed, who
'being more indifferent to the intereſt of the Hoſpi-
'tal,

'tal, will of courſe be leſs faithful in the execution 'of their truſt. When ſuch perſons are poſſeſſed of 'power, they are ſtrongly tempted to render it ſub-'ſervient to their vanity or intereſt.' And in page 233, he prognoſticates mercenary maſters and miſtreſſes, 'who have no view in accepting the of-'fices, but to promote their own intereſt,' and 'when a relaxation of fidelity once begins, abuſes 'ſucceed faſt to one another, and the whole houſe 'becomes a ſcene of irregularity and confuſion.' Then he concludes with ſaying, 'After ſuch hoſpi-'tals arrive at their height, and become opulent, 'the zeal of the Managers no more appears neceſ-'ſary; they think they may take liberty with the 'funds, and abuſes, greater than thoſe now mention-'ed, begin to take place.'

In my former Obſervations, I was at a loſs to account for thoſe gloomy anticipations. If he was endued with the ſpirit of prophecy, theſe things muſt come to paſs; but hoping they are only eventual predictions, as a well-wiſher to that pious inſtitution, he certainly muſt have only intended to warn the friends of it, to guard againſt the only means by which ſuch calamities could poſſibly happen to ruin and deſtroy it. Senſible that all factious parties take their riſe more from the ſhadow than the ſubſtance of religion, or from the vanity of thoſe, who think themſelves ſuperior to others, either in theological knowledge, political opinions of church government, or the ſtrict obſervance of outward modes or forms of worſhip, though of little conſequence to pure religion. And likewiſe obſerving, that no other hoſpitals in Edinburgh by their conſtitutions, are liable to be ruled by any party-faction, as the direc-

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tion of the Merchant Maiden, and Watſon's Hoſpitals, (of both which I have the pleaſure of being a preſent governor) are elected from reſpectable Members of the Town Council, or Merchant Company, with two Miniſters, who can make no objection againſt any becauſe they are not of their opinion in modes of worſhip.

But in the Orphan Hoſpital, he has foreſeen, that however candid the preſent Managers may be, at ſome future period a party may be formed to gain a majority of Members, who will admit none but their own junto. And as three Managers go off in rotation every year, who after being one year out of the management, may again be elected, it is evident, that the honourable, opulent, reſpectable and benevolent Members of the Corporation, who are above party-faction, might ſoon be deprived of having any direction in that noble inſtitution; and when theſe noblemen and gentlemen go off, who at preſent think it not below their dignity to pay attention to the direction of the Orphan Hoſpital, which was never honoured with a greater number of reſpectable governors, the Reverend Doctor behoved to foreſee, that while one of theſe remained in the management, no part of his prediction could poſſibly come to paſs.

But ſhould that diſmal period arrive, when a faction ſo abandoned, were preparing to execute their plundering ſcheme, they muſt have no honourable, reſpectable Managers amongſt them, and they muſt prepare a Treaſurer, who will agree to ſhare the booty with that dark and deſigning party. They muſt likewiſe have a different maſter and miſtreſs from the preſent ones, who would rather forfeit their little all, than ſee one ſhilling of their childrens funds

made ſubſervient to the vanity or intereſt of any ſet or party of Managers, who ſhould dare to take liberty with the funds, or abuſe the innocent orphans, which the prediction can only be underſtood to mean, by the words of " greater abuſe taking " place."

It therefore made me tremble, at the laſt election, to ſee the ſhadow of a party combining to vote out the opulent, reſpectable, and benevolent, propoſed as Managers, who are bountiful benefactors, and have been very long Members of the Corporation, to prefer thoſe who were newly aſſumed Members, and never before appeared in the houſe, becauſe they are more agreeable to a particular party, who wiſh to take the lead in that Corporation.

What have the poor orphans to do with the deep theology, or dark diſputes of learned Doctors, who may hereafter aſſume the direction over the moſt opulent and benevolent in the Corporation, (more able and willing to contribute to their ſupport and happineſs,) and keep out from the management, the moſt intelligent, worthy and benevolent gentlemen of the clergy, becauſe they are not of their political principles? What advantage can it be to the Hoſpital, that the Managers have the title of being ſtrict in particular opinions of religion? the orphans being as well inſtructed in its plain and practical doctrines, by their worthy teacher, as they could be by any number of Miniſters.

The moſt neceſſary qualifications of all directors of charitable corporations, are, to be ſtrictly honourable, benevolent, and attentive to the real intereſt of youth committed to their charge; to be above the little mean deſigns of factious parties, and to watch

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over their ſubtile intentions. Their minds ſhould be conſtantly impreſſed with theſe noble lines of Pope:

For modes of faith, let graceleſs zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whoſe life is in the right:
In faith and hope the world will diſagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity:
All muſt be falſe that thwart this one great end,
And all of God, that bleſs mankind and mend.

Sure I am, that thoſe who have more regard to the intereſt of the Hoſpital, than to any plan of forming a party in the management, will relinquiſh the ſhadow of it, and will cordially agree to admit ſuch Members, as are of decent and reſpectable characters, who can be of the greateſt benefit to the Corporation; otherwiſe, under whatever profeſſion or pretence, it will be no wiſe indelicate to ſuſpect their intentions.

Neither can they be ſuppoſed friends or benefactors to this noble charity, who rejoice not in its enlargement, nor take pleaſure in the external elegance of the Hoſpital, and dignity of the management, as well as the other pious deſigns of the inſtitution. As ſeparate from little party-factions, there is every reaſon to hope, it will ſoon become one of the moſt extenſive and uſeful charities in Britain, worthy the attention of the moſt honourable, benevolent, and liberal-minded citizens, who are able and willing to promote the laudable purpoſes of it.

Though I hope, this noble inſtitution is in little danger of being hurt by any preſent party, yet it would appear that the Rev. Dr. M'Farlan, by his ſuperior diſcernment, looked forward, and predicted a period when a faction would be formed to ruin and deſtroy it; as it is demonſtratively certain, that by no other means his predictions can ever come to

paſs. He, therefore, as a wiſe phyſician, and friend to the children, certainly meant to warn the Corporation, to watch the early ſymptoms of the fever of faction, which, if not ſtopt in its firſt criſis, would ſoon become mortal or incurable. If theſe were the good Doctor's intentions, however otherwiſe I may differ from him in ſupporting the poor and forlorn, he ſhould be regarded as a friend and protector of the orphans.

It is no diſhonour to religion, that it is made uſe of to form parties. Were not a religious, a worthy and deſirable character, it would not be ſo often uſed as a maſk to cover the duplicity of the cruel and unbountiful, who often, either from envy, or to excuſe their own illiberality, put the worſt conſtruction on the benevolence of thoſe who may differ from them in points leſs eſſential to pure religion, or the welfare of the orphans.

Such who are inimical to public contributions, and put bad conſtructions on the liberality of others, as proceeding from the vanity of being ſeen by men, without breach of charity, it may be preſumed, that the private bounties of ſome falſe profeſſors, are ſo very inconſiderable, that they are as little ſeen by themſelves as by others.

As ſhort-ſighted mortals can only judge of their fellow-creatures, from the propriety of their outward conduct in life; whether they are good or bad members of ſociety, muſt be determined by their moral or immoral actions, more than by their external profeſſions, or opinions of religion. But thoſe who take upon them to judge of the motives from whence actions proceed, (which are known to God alone) ſhould conſider that there is no ſhadow of religion

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can have more of the ſubſtance of it, than charity and benevolence, from whatever motives they may proceed. If from vanity, we have our reward in this world, which, to a feeling mind, is no ſmall recompence; but if our charity proceed from proper motives, we ſhall at laſt obtain the approbation of Heaven. At any rate, the wretched are relieved from miſery, the poor ſupported, and ſociety receives a real advantage; whereas other outward ſhadows of religion, give hypocritical profeſſors an opportunity, without any expence, of hurting ſociety, and, under the cloak of ſanctity, to impoſe on thoſe who truſt to their outward profeſſions, by which pure religion often ſuffers from thoſe who are no friends to either the ſubſtance or ſhadow of it.

Love and charity will guide the pious Chriſtian through the plain, the clear, and pleaſant paths which lead to heaven and happineſs, free from the dark and wildering mazes of party-faction, through which well meaning and unwary travellers have ever been miſled in their journey to Paradiſe.

However much regard is due to thoſe who guide our ways to future happineſs, if they are at great pains to point out one dark narrow path, which alone can lead to it, where friends muſt ever juſtle and fall out in their way, whatever adulation they may claim, or expect from thoſe who ſee their importance, their minds are in danger of being ſuſpected by others, at leaſt of narrowneſs or partiality.

There are none who duly conſider the deſign of their exiſtence, their duty to God, their fellow-mortals, or the general good of ſociety, but muſt eſteem and venerate a pious, upright, and religious character; the dignity of which, I humbly apprehend, depends

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more on generous exertions in promoting the welfare of the community, and happineſs of ſociety, than in any ſuperior knowledge in ſyſtematical divinity, or external forms and ceremonies of religion; but from miſtaken apprehenſions of that character, ſects and parties ariſe, who very uncharitably accuſe all as void of religion, who do not wholly agree with them in their conceptions or profeſſions of it. Enlarged minds will not cenſure or fall out with fellow-mortals about their different ideas of addreſſing the Deity, in modes or forms of worſhip, if their private devotions are as ſincere, and their conduct as upright, as their profeſſions are public.

But the leaders of ſects and parties, often acquiring an eaſy aſcendence over the minds of the vulgar, are ready to dictate to men of ſuperior characters, and imagine that none are intitled to be directors of charitable ſocieties, but thoſe who have the ſame ſpeculative opinions of religion as they profeſs to believe, which is equally uncandid, as that none ſhould be in a ſociety with them, who are not of the ſame ſize, ſhape, complexion, or colour of the eye. There has ever been, and ever will be different opinions of religion; and it may be ſuppoſed, that the upright hearts of Chriſtians, whoſe principles and practice, tend moſt to the happineſs of mankind, and the welfare of ſociety, will be moſt acceptable to the Fountain of All Perfection.

It is happy for ſociety, that a much greater liberality of ſentiment now appears with regard to the external parts of religion, than in former periods, when they were the occaſion of ſo much diſſenſion and animoſity. And as mankind become more civilized, the practical, ſocial, and eſſential parts of it, will occupy

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their minds more than the ſpeculative theories of enthuſiaſts. As in proportion to a certain greatneſs of ſoul, our aims and actions are enlarged for the general good of ſociety; ſo by a narrowneſs of mind, they are contracted into little parties or factions, the bane and diſhonour of every community; and it may be obſerved, that the more inſignificant the object in view, the more keen and violent are ſects and parties in the purſuit, and often the more uncandid in the means of obtaining it.

Every liberal mind will admit, that in all the various modes of worſhip, there are good and worthy characters, and theſe are generally the beſt who have moſt charity for others. But ſects and parties, too often confine their charity to a particular ſet of objects, whom they think alone worthy of it, by which the poor orphans, being collected from all parts, can be of no party, and therefore are often neglected by thoſe whoſe charities are ſo circumſcribed.

Factious parties have, from the earlieſt periods, diſturbed and diſhonoured the Chriſtian religion, which joins piety with the ſtricteſt morality, and conſtitutes the nobleſt ſyſtem for the regulation and happineſs of human life. But by the miſtaken ideas of pure piety and devotion, parties aroſe, who gave ſpeculative opinions that honourable appellation, by which ſo much confuſion, cruelty and perſecution, have diſgraced the Chriſtian name. And as faction has ever been inimical to benevolence, love and charity, the diſtant approach of it, to a ſociety whoſe exiſtence depend on theſe virtues, ſhould be watched with a jealous eye.

Every diſintereſted mind muſt obſerve, that a public and a party ſpirit cannot eaſily dwell in one breaſt;

breaſt; men of the moſt benevolent minds, who wiſh to dedicate their lives to be uſeful in ſociety, muſt expect to meet with many interruptions from thoſe, who, from certain prejudices, take different views of their laudable deſigns, eſpecially if their falſe opinions meet with the ſupport of a party, by whom the beſt conduct in life, is often by mean artifice, ſo miſrepreſented, as to appear either wicked or ridiculous.

Whereas, diſintereſted minds who are of no party, may form different opinions about the public welfare, and at the ſame time maintain a perſonal regard for thoſe who differ from their ſentiments in the means of obtaining that public good. Ever open to conviction, they regard all who have the ſame laudable ends in view, if their candour is equal to their profeſſion; conſcious of their own integrity and good intentions, they deſpiſe the little weak attempts of thoſe who maintain an oppoſition to them, by means below the dignity of a good and worthy character.

However much I regard the preſent Managers of this pious inſtitution, I ſhall ever think it my duty by all fair means, to prevent factious parties taking place there, under whatever profeſſion or pretence, in which I ſhall expect the aid and ſupport of the honourable, liberal, and candid Members of that Corporation. And while I am able to pay that attention to the duties of Treaſurer, which the importance of the office requires, (if faction does not prevent), I ſhall be happy to continue in that honourable ſtation.

When age or infirmity prohibits thoſe exertions, it will give me the greateſt pleaſure to ſee that office filled by ſome reſpectable citizen, whoſe circumſtances

ſtances and ſituation will permit him to dedicate the moſt of his time and attention to the various duties of that delightful employment; and who being uſed to buſineſs, ſhould be capable of conducting the ſtock, and the whole concerns of the Corporation, ſo as to make them clear and perſpicuous to the Managers, and rather wiſh to pay, than receive any perquiſites from that noble opportunity of making ſo many young rationals happy, for whom he will ſoon acquire a degree of parental affection, with the endearing pleaſure which Nature has joined to the protection of infant innocence, eſpecially to thoſe whoſe indigence make them depend on the humane for all their comfort and happineſs.

He ſhould be independent of all parties, and rather deſpiſe than court thoſe who are given to faction. Nor ſhould he propoſe any to ſucceed as Managers, but gentlemen of decent, benevolent, and reſpectable characters, who may have influence with the liberal and opulent to increaſe the funds, preſerve their permanency, and take pleaſure in promoting the dignity, as much as the welfare of the Corporation. In the exerciſe of which office of Treaſurer, while I live he ſhall have all the aſſiſtance that is in my power, to make his labours pleaſant, eaſy and agreeable.

If he is endowed with proper feelings, and lives to ſee the Hoſpital compleated, with all the propoſed decorations of the Phyſic Garden, and adjacent ground, as an addition to the many noble and uſeful improvements now in contemplation, which do ſo much honour to thoſe who are concerned in the adminiſtration of this city, and ſhall anxiouſly endeavour to get funds eſtabliſhed, ſo as to reſcue from poverty, vice and miſery, two hundred beautiful young creatures, and rear them up in the exerciſe of pleaſant in-

duſtry and virtue, to be happy and uſeful members of ſociety, he will find his trouble, attention and expence, well rewarded in this life, and may hope for an ample recompence in the world to come. Should Heaven be pleaſed to prolong my days to ſee that happy period, I would then die with pleaſure, and wiſh to be laid in the burying-ground of the Hoſpital, with the remains of the innocent orphans, with whom I ſhould hope to riſe in greater triumph, than if buried in the ſepulchres of Kings and nobles, nay, even of Popes and cardinals.

The benevolence of many who have lately teſtified their regard to this pious inſtitution, by liberal donations, and friendly purpoſes of their future intentions towards it, gives me the flattering hopes of yet ſeeing the plan of that Hoſpital compleated, and funds eſtabliſhed to accompliſh my ardent deſire of accommodating one hundred clean ſtout boys in one ſide of the houſe, and one hundred fine healthy girls in the other.

But though I would be far from wiſhing any to hurt their children, or near relations, by endowing either hoſpitals or churches, yet as the generous and liberal all wiſh that their heirs ſhould be ſo, if a ſmall part of their fortunes ſhould be left as legacies, to reſcue innocent orphans from indigence and miſery, and raiſe them to virtue and happineſs, a benevolent heir would pay it with pleaſure, eſteem the deed as an honour done to the memory of his friend and benefactor, and would view it as adding that bleſſing which ſeldom fails to enlarge the fortunes of the humane and bountiful. And though it is both important, honourable, and for the good of ſociety, that the opulent ſhould maintain the dignity of their exalted ſtations, and enjoy the elegancies, as well as

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the conveniencies of life, yet their expenditure ſhould never prevent the payment of that ſmall ſhare of the fortunes intruſted to them, which is due to their poor forlorn brethren.

Would ſuch be pleaſed to conſider how eaſily they could re-eſtabliſh a fund for ſo great benevolence, without encroaching on their finances, pleaſures, health or amuſement, they would ſee that it is but reſtricting thoſe ſuperfluities which foſter diſeaſes, load their days with painful debility, and often diſturb the rational enjoyment of ſocial pleaſure. It would be an imputation on the diſcernment of good ſenſe to mention the many luxuries which may eaſily be retrenched, or even aboliſhed, to enlarge the benevolent fund of the opulent and bountiful, who conſider themſelves as almoners of Heaven to the poor and indigent; who, for the due ſubordination of ſociety, are appointed to occupy lower places in the great machine of Providence.

Dean Swift, though very bountiful, would never allow that his finances were diminiſhed by his numerous charities, as he often walked when others of his ſtation hired a coach, abſtracted a coſtly diſh from his table, or ſuch other luxuries, the want of which, was a benefit to his health; and having placed the value of them to the credit of account due to the poor, he made them all ſmile with joy at his œconomy.

I have heard of a noble lady, who intended to purchaſe a rich ſuit to appear at a grand aſſembly; but hearing of a poor man's death, who had left a widow and family of indigent children, ſhe went in a ſuit choſen from her wardrobe, in which ſhe had before appeared, and beſtowed the value of the new

clothes on the poor family. Though the old gown had been ſullied and worn, how would ſhe ſhine in the eyes of the benevolent who knew the cauſe of it! How would her ſweet ſoul exult with joy, on the reflection of becoming a friend to the friendleſs widow, and as a kind parent and protector to the helpleſs innocent children!

Some there are, who raiſe an account of charity in a private book, in which they credit the poor with ſuch a ſum as they think their circumſtances will eaſily admit of, and debit the account with every donation, whereby it is annually balanced, and they are made ſenſible that their bounties are beſtowed on proper objects. Sure no article will appear on the debit of that benign account, that will bear a more agreeable reflection, than what is ſtated to the Orphan Hoſpital, in whoſe account of contributions, they have regular credit; and when it amounts to a certain ſum, the names of donors are put up in gilt letters in the hall of the Hoſpital, and the orphan's hymn, compoſed to raiſe in their young minds gratitude to their bountiful benefactors, is ſung, as ſet to muſic in parts, at every liberal donation.

Perſons whoſe minds are exalted with their high ſtations, will conſider that there can be no crime in being born poor, and that ſeparate from the induſtry of the lower ranks, they could have no enjoyment in life. Without the honeſt labours of the peaſant, the mariner, the mechanic and the ſoldier, neither eſtates, habitation, vivers, clothing, nor any of the elegancies or conveniencies of life could be obtained or ſupported; is it not reaſonable, when theſe wheels are worn out by conſtant motion, that they ſhould be protected and ſuſtained, by thoſe who have reaped

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the fruit of their hard labour; and is it not policy, as well as good ſenſe, patriotiſm and humanity, to rear up their infant progeny, and ſet them on the wheel of fortune, to riſe by that virtue and induſtry to which they ſhould be trained up at the expence of the fortunate! Such will conſider educating children of the vulgar, to be like purifying the ſprings, which circulate health and vigour, or diſeaſe and death, through the community.

Will not the noble and generous, who poſſeſs more than can purchaſe all the conveniencies and elegant enjoyments of life, think a very ſmall part of their accumulations well beſtowed on the ſupport of thoſe uſeful and neceſſary ſervants of ſociety, to relieve them from the pangs of poverty, and make them and their young innocent offspring eaſy, virtuous, and happy? Let them be ſo good as to reflect, that every glaſs of rich wine which they drink, after a healthy and ſocial enjoyment is fully obtained, coſts as much as would maintain a poor orphan for a whole day; and that the value of every ſuperfluous bottle, or uſeleſs diſh of meat, would make the hearts of a whole indigent family leap for joy.

The gentle fair, and all who are endued with the tender feelings of humanity, or public ſpirit, muſt look from the Bridge, on that houſe of harmony and happineſs with pleaſure, nay, with a degree of laudable pride, when they reflect, that by means of their charitable contributions, ſuch a number of pretty young creatures are reſcued from poverty, vice, ſhame, and miſery; and are all ſinging with joy and gratitude to their bountiful benefactors, who have been the means, in the hand of Providence, of making them ſo uſeful, virtuous, and happy.

It muſt likewiſe indulge every patriotic ſpirit, to think that ſo many members of the community, are, by the aid of the bountiful, preſerved and trained up to be ſo eſſentially beneficial in all the occupations neceſſary to the good of the State, who otherwiſe might probably not only have been uſeleſs, but miſerable banes to ſociety, and a reproach to a country, which, by the advancement of trade, agriculture, and manufactures, is every year enriching the citizens, whoſe houſes, equipage, and manner of living, are ſuitable to their growing fortunes.

What is given to that Hoſpital, is certainly the moſt rational, as well as real charity, as it is voluntarily beſtowed without any conſtraint; and when it is conſidered, that every donation of five guineas, along with the work of the little penſioners, maintains and educates a poor child for a year, and thoſe who either give a donation or legacy of one hundred pounds, enable the Managers to add one for ever to the number of that pretty family; all noble and patriotic ſpirits, who wiſh well to their country, will embrace ſo eaſy a method of promoting the intereſt and happineſs of ſociety, at ſo very ſmall expence, without forfeiting any enjoyment of life; and all the additions made to that happy hall, muſt give pleaſure to generous minds, as making room to increaſe the number of orphans.

Let thoſe of high rank and patriotic ſpirits, reflect on the glorious atchievements of their anceſtors in promoting the welfare and ſafety of their country, for which they relinquiſhed all the pleaſures, elegancies, and even conveniencies of life, underwent the greateſt fatigue, and braved every danger at the hazard of their lives and fortunes, when chieftains

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were obliged, at a vaſt expence, to train up all the youth to arms and martial atchievements, neceſſary in thoſe rude periods, to defend them from the incurſions of enemies, who conſtantly hovered on their borders, to ravage the country, and lay it waſte by fire and ſword, when all were in motion to make repriſals, and the minds of youth were early inured, and led to ſcenes of plunder, and all the barbarities of hoſtile rage.

How much more happy are thoſe of the preſent generation, and with how much more facility can they become patriots, and at a ſmall expence perform the nobleſt actions to preſerve and enlarge the good of their country, and the happineſs of ſociety, and by means conſiſtent with honour, virtue, and the pleaſant feelings of humanity! Guarded by our glorious conſtitution againſt all hoſtile invaſions, and protected in our properties by the nobleſt laws of liberty, we can exert our patriotic and public ſpirits, by encouraging and promoting virtue and induſtry, the glory and riches of our happy iſle.

To obtain that noble purpoſe, the moſt intelligent authors on legiſlation, in both ancient and modern times, have taught and agreed, that training up youth, by impreſſing their minds with the love of virtue, honour and religion, and abhorrence of falſehood, vice, and prodigality, with inuring their bodies to early labour and ingenious induſtry, are the moſt effectual means to raiſe and aggrandize a nation.

As the operative parts of agriculture, trade, and manufactures, are performed by the lower rank, who compoſe by far the greateſt number of the State, and from whom population moſtly proceed, the education

tion of their offspring muſt be of the utmoſt importance to ſociety; and as the friendleſs youth call moſt on the aid of the opulent, it is not only an act of humanity, but an exertion of the moſt noble patriotiſm and public ſpirit, to contribute to a ſcheme which is carried on for that purpoſe with ſo much propriety and ſucceſs.

Of all charities, the education of youth is apparently the beſt and of greateſt conſequence to the good of the ſtate; as uſhering well trained virtuous youth into ſociety, is like ſowing good ſeed to produce a healthy and vigorous crop, while uncultivated young minds produce nothing but tares and weeds, to choke and poiſon the community with progreſſive vice, diſorder and miſery.

It is mercy to relieve the old, wretched and forlorn; but it is both mercy and the nobleſt charity, not only to relieve indigent youth from the pangs of poverty, but to ſtop the current of vice to which they are expoſed, and rear them up to be happy and uſeful members of the community.

The benevolent man, like the riſing ſun, beams his refreſhing influence wherever he appears, not only to the human race, but his compaſſion extends to all animals, who are conſtantly reaping the fruit of his benignity; wherever he goes, he finds eaſy opportunities, at little trouble or expence, of relieving diſtreſs, and adding to the happineſs of ſome individual. He who removes an incumbrance on the highway, or fills up a ſteep paſſage, may prevent the painful exertions of a thouſand poor animals, and lighten the burden of the weary traveller. If he contributes to build a bridge, ſhorten and ſmooth a road, facilitate a rugged cauſeway, and adorn his country, he ſhews a

ſpirit

ſpirit of humanity and patriotiſm. But to relieve the unfortunate, and gladden the heart of the poor widow, affectionate parent or friend, by rearing up their indigent offspring, to be comforts to them in their old age, are the moſt eſſential duties of religion, honour, and generoſity.

Were it aſked who is the good man, the natural anſwer would be, he who does the moſt good to his fellow-creatures, not he who profeſſes the moſt, but is more attentive to his own intereſt than to the concerns of others. As opinions are only the motives of our actions, if we are not properly moved by them, they can be of no conſequence either in the ſight of God or man.

The conſtant call of Nature urges us to take care of what we fondly imagine will tend to our own happineſs. But religion, generoſity, patriotiſm, and public ſpirit, bid us take care of others; and in ſo far as we are actuated by thoſe noble principles in relieving our fellow-creatures from diſtreſs, and adding to their happineſs, we merit the name of good citizens, good men, or good Chriſtians, on whom Heaven has been pleaſed to beſtow a great reward even in this world, the pleaſures which flow from benevolence. There are few who have it not in their power to be of ſome uſe to ſociety; and as they riſe in their different ſpheres of life, either in opulence or abilities of mind, they can be the more eſſentially uſeful. And though they cannot render themſelves conſpicuous, it is certainly their duty to promote the general intereſt of the community; and as their honour and generoſity appear, they will be the more eſteemed by the wiſe and candid.

Our great Creator has wiſely implanted in the human breaſt many pleaſant propenſities neceſ-

ſary for the good of ſociety, and happineſs of individuals. That *amor patriæ*, or ſtrong predilection to our native country, which kindles like a flame in every heart, and glows in proportion to its natural warmth, goodneſs, affection, or generoſity, attracts us the more to our country's welfare, as we approach nearer to the place of our nativity, our connections, or where we ſpent our juvenile years. The improvement of which city, town or village, not only gives us pleaſure, but we enjoy a natural or laudable pride in the progreſs of their advancement, whether in trade, manufacture, literature, roads, bridges, public buildings, or embelliſhments.

Therefore, to thoſe of benign diſpoſitions or public ſpirits, the improvements that are of moſt conſequence to promote the happineſs of the community, will give the greateſt ſatisfaction; and as that ſpirit of patriotiſm riſes in proportion to our natural friendly diſpoſitions of mind, thoſe who are void of benignity, and callous to the enjoyments which the public weal affords, muſt loſe all theſe pleaſures which kind Nature planted in the human race, to bind and unite them together, by the ſilken cords of ſocial love.

Narrow minds, whoſe charities begin and end at home, will ſoon wiſh to center all in ſelf, where, void of ſocial love, neither pleaſure nor ſatisfaction can ever dwell; it being found by experience, and by thoſe who have ſtudied human nature, that, for the good of ſociety, Heaven has wiſely appointed, that as the heat of the ſun is increaſed by the reflection of his rays on ſolid bodies, ſo reverberated pleaſures or ſocial bliſs, are beſt adapted to make us enjoy our preſent ſtate of exiſtence with comfort and delight. As it is not ſo much from the tranſitory gratification

of

of our feelings, as from the reflection of our conduct in life, that we enjoy the greateſt pleaſure, and moſt permanent ſatisfaction; therefore, in proportion to the numbers we relieve from diſtreſs, or make happy, ſo we multiply the objects who reflect the pleaſures of benevolence, and increaſe our felicity; conſequently the more confined our friendſhip, and bounties are, the more will that heartfelt happineſs be diminiſhed.

If the ſelfiſh and unbountiful would eſtimate what they ſave by their illiberality, and compare it with the inward joy which the benevolent are conſtantly receiving, it would be found, that they miſtake the means of acquiring that mental felicity; which, to obtain, they and all are in conſtant purſuit, and on duly ſtating accounts, they would find a great balance of real happineſs againſt them. It may likewiſe be found, that as they are unaccuſtomed to part with the means of making others happy, their parſimony will ſoon become conſpicuous in a private or domeſtic life. Their principle being rather to take, than give away, thoſe who depend on them, and who can make no return but gratitude, muſt often ſuffer, not only in a ſcanty ſupply of the comforts, but even in the neceſſaries of life.

On the other hand, the benevolent, who with pleaſure diſtribute to their poor fellow mortals, to relieve them from diſtreſs, and rear up their infant offſpring, with whom they have no other connection, than what Heaven and their own feelings dictate; ſuch being in the conſtant practice of liberality, will chearfully adminiſter all the comforts, as well as neceſſaries of life, to thoſe with whom they are more cloſely connected by the ties of affection, conſanguinity, or intereſt.

It is from thoſe active or practical Chriſtians, who believe that it is far better to give than to receive, that the orphans may hope for aid, more than from the paſſive or ſpeculative, who place religion in particular opinions, church government, and forms or modes of worſhip, or from thoſe who confine their charities to particular objects with whom they are connected, either in points of opinion, policy, or intereſt, in which the poor orphans have no concern; therefore, thoſe who have a conſcious regard to that noble inſtitution, will not only contribute, but eſteem and ſupport all who are the friends and benefactors of the orphans, as promoters of the beſt and moſt diſintereſted charity, and will rejoice in the enlargement of a ſcheme ſo patriotic and humane.

There is another propenſity wiſely implanted in the human breaſt, for the good of ſociety, which is the ſtrong and powerful wiſh of all mankind to perpetuate the memory of their atchievements to lateſt poſterity. Some narrow minds give that univerſal deſire the appellation of pride or vanity; if the intention of outward actions proceeds intirely from the love of fame, their aſſertions are ſo far well founded; but if from the proper motives of patriotiſm and pure religion, that principle of acquiring the love and eſteem of our fellow mortals, is a noble ſpur to worthy and generous actions. He who denies, or pretends to reaſon againſt it, let him only conſult his own heart, and aſk whether he would wiſh the memory of his name to be tranſmitted to future generations, as a hero, a patriot, or philoſopher, juſt, generous, fair and candid; or as a cruel, deceitful, ungenerous, and diſhonourable paltroon; his own mind

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will return a more natural and juſt verdict than the wiſeſt jury of logical reaſoners.

That univerſal principle in the human mind, likewiſe appears as a ſtrong proof to confirm the belief of the immortality of the ſoul, and a future ſtate of exiſtence. Let the moſt learned ſceptic, by deep metaphyſical arguments confound all reaſoning, on a ſubject which is beyond the bounds of it; yet, though theſe comfortable truths were not revealed, by this principle they are clearly impreſſed on every enlightened mind.

Should that philoſopher act, write, and court every method to tranſmit his memory to poſterity, with glory and renown, whether as a great hiſtorian, metaphyſical philoſopher, famous for ſingularity of opinion, allow him to be juſt, generous and hoſpitable, regarded by his friends, and admired by the *literati*, ſhould he ordain a durable and conſpicuous monument to be erected, in order to perpetuate his memory, ſhould he write or reaſon beyond all ſceptics, ancient or modern, and indulge his paſſion for novelty of opinion, at the expence of the richeſt treaſures of the human race, the hopes of Heaven and of immortality; he might be told, as a ſhort reply to all his long and learned reaſonings, that his words, his actions, his writings, his powers and propenſities, his laſt ſettlement, and his ſepulchre, contradict his doubts of a future exiſtence, more than all the good, the learned, and wiſe authors, who either have, or may write againſt his dark and dangerous diſputes.

It might be aſked of him, ſuppoſing all rational beings on earth in a few years are hurled into the gulph of oblivion, and with him fall into non-entity, of what conſequence is it to weary out his tedious nights and days,

days, in piling up loads of elaborate argument with all his noble diſcoveries in arts and ſcience, and erect monuments for thoſe who are only to take a ſhort peep of them, and then fall to nothing; if all his natural and acquired endowments of ſoul are only deſigned to ſhine like a meteor, and ſoon evaporate into ſmoke; if he be fully convinced that there is no future exiſtence, why does he waſte his whole days to obtain future fame, from which he can never reap any advantage?—it is inconſiſtent with all his other conduct in life.

Neither can I apprehend, that any philoſopher, whoſe life is otherwiſe unblameable, can fully believe that he is to be no more after death, nor better than a bubble on the wave, and that all his grand reſearches are in vain. But by diving deep into the unfathomable ſecrets of Providence, where he finds endleſs and inſurmountable difficulties, he may bring on that dreadful diſeaſe of doubting even his own exiſtence, whereby he confirms that ſceptical diſpoſition which plunges the mind into the ocean of uncertainty, where, in the midſt of the labyrinths of fate, his conduct conſtantly belies his theory, and deprives him of the ſolid pleaſures which others of leſs capacity, with ſerenity enjoy.

The voice of God ſpeaks louder than feeble reaſon can dictate to ſhort-ſighted mortals, and by breathing into his creatures certain innate deſires, announces his kind intentions to thoſe who are not blinded by vice, or the vanity of their own diſcernment. Yet, prompted by their natural propenſity to become famous in the eye of poſterity, they apprehend that novelty of opinion will make them more conſpicuous than the pleaſant beaten paths of pure

religion

religion and morality in which they might ſhine, enlighten, and inſtruct the preſent and future generations.

Therefore, however ſome may miſconſtrue the writings of benevolent moral philoſophers, who by deep inveſtigations into unfathomable ſubjects, have wandered to the wildering paths of ſcepticiſm, which lead the mind to doubt of every thing, but what can be proved by mathematical demonſtration; I can never allow that it is poſſible for ſuch, to aſſert from their own conviction, that the human ſoul cannot exiſt after death in another part of boundleſs ſpace, which their philoſophic minds muſt ardently wiſh to explore, and which is not more difficult to account for, than how we preſently exiſt. However they may doubt about the manner of employment in a future ſtate, and may differ from ſyſtematical opinions on that ſubject, they are often unjuſtly impeached with abſolutely denying the immortality of the ſoul, which is by no means the real meaning of their ſubtile reaſonings.

But it would be happy for ſociety, that they would ſo guard their expreſſions, as the unwary, truſting to their ſuperior talents, may not be miſled, on a ſubject over which Heaven has been pleaſed to throw clouds and darkneſs to the eye of reaſon, but in various ways has revealed it to the world, and impreſſed it on every contemplative mind, eſpecially on thoſe whoſe moral conduct in life prompts the pleaſant wiſh of continuing an exiſtence, where progreſſive knowledge and felicity take place.

Therefore if that agreeable truth is really diſbelieved by any, it is rather to be ſuppoſed it muſt be by the weak, immoral, barbarous and deceitful, who being

being as void of honour as reflection, pretend to believe and embrace every ſyſtem of religion that is moſt for their temporal intereſt, for which they ruſh into acts of the greateſt cruelty, perſecution, duplicity and injuſtice. Thus abandoned, no wonder they eaſily believe, what they moſt ardently deſire, that an eternal veil will be drawn over their hidden immorality, injuſtice, hypocriſy, and oppreſſion.

It has been obſerved by the beſt and moſt intelligent philoſophers, that the more knowledge they acquire, the more they admire and adore infinite wiſdom, power, and goodneſs, and are the more ſenſible of their own weakneſs and imperfection. Therefore, if a moral philoſopher deviates from thoſe principles or opinions, it muſt proceed from an exceſs of that love of fame, which prompts men to excel one another in ſingularity of thought or conjecture, and inſpires them with a dangerous love of novelty; as every new invention in arts or ſciences makes the inventor more famous, than were he to follow, or even improve upon the contrivances of others. Thus all are ever wiſhing to exhibit ſomething new, from the leaſt to the moſt important action or theory in human ſociety, from which thirſt of novelty, arts and ſciences are conſtantly improving.

But to graſp at fame from novelty of opinion, in theories that are beyond our comprehenſion to demonſtrate, the publiſhing of which ſpreads miſery, confuſion, and diſorder through the community, is certainly inconſiſtent with the character of a wiſe moral philoſopher, or a worthy citizen, as it is the conſequences, more than the novelty or curioſity of theories, that determine the merit or demerit of the author. Thus, when great men employ their talents

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in ſuch vain and uſeleſs reſearches, it makes the evil the more dangerous to ſociety, and others, dazzled with the luſtre of their ſhining parts, are ready to be miſled, and imitate their love of ſingularity.

When that thirſt for novelty is exerted by gratifying the fancy in what is of little conſequence to others, whether in whimſical apparel, houſes, equipage, or ornament, it may ſometimes be of advantage in the improvement of them; but ſuppoſing one endued with that ſpirit for novelty, ſhould have rhetoric enough to ſeduce unwary travellers from the king's highway, which is ſtraight, ſmooth, capacious and agreeable, lighted by order of his Majeſty at every dark paſſage, terminating with the inchanting proſpect of a pleaſant and delightful country, from which he would turn their footſteps, to a dark, narrow, crooked road, full of dangerous pits and precipices, without any proſpect, but an unfathomable gulf, into which they are all at laſt to plunge, ſcrambling and fighting on their way, to occupy ſome little pleaſing parts, which with regret they muſt ſoon reſign to others, without hope of ever returning, or being otherwiſe more happy. If ſuch logician, who, from an imaginary ſuperiority of knowledge in journeying, deſpiſing the plain and beaten tract, ſhould miſlead himſelf and others into ſuch crooked paths, he would certainly incur his Majeſty's diſpleaſure, and be looked on by the good and benevolent as a very dangerous member of the community.

It would be tedious to expatiate more on the impropriety of ſuch conduct, or to explain and ſuit this ſimile to the preſent purpoſe, which might be drawn out to a great length, and made very applicable to the danger of innovations on religion, morality, and

the laws which eſtabliſh the peace, good order, and happineſs of ſociety.

It is much to be regretted, when philoſophers of great abilities, and even of good hearts, apply their noble talents to purchaſe fame by means ſo prejudicial to ſociety, and waſte their time in diving into ſubjects beyond the capacities of human powers; like fooliſh navigators, who ſhould ſail round the world, to explore the deepeſt part of the ocean, and, finding it unfathomable to any line or plummet, they ſhould ſpend the remainder of their time in writing long and learned diſſertations, on the improbability of there being any bottom to the ſea but at certain latitudes, which, inſtead of being uſeful to navigation, might prevent many plain mariners from ſearching for anchoring-ground where it might be often found.

It is amazing from what motives gentlemen of ſhining parts and benevolent minds, ſhould be at ſo much pains to propagate opinions ſo inimical to the peace, happineſs, or welfare of ſociety. If they are generous and benign, with one hand they relieve the poor from the pains of poverty, but with the other, they ſcatter firebrands to deſtroy the community, and make the poor more miſerable, whoſe only conſolation in the midſt of the deepeſt diſtreſs, is the pleaſing hopes which religion gives of futurity; they feed the body, but fill the mind with deadly poiſon. Such effects has the exceſſive love of fame on ſome minds, endued with the higheſt powers of reaſoning, while others from an immoderate deſire of popular applauſe, deſcend below the dignity of their ſtation in life, and hurt ſociety by party faction.

If theſe looſe hints ſhall throw one new ray of light

light on a ſubject ſo intereſting to ſociety, it will be a ſufficient apology for this digreſſion, which is only meant to ſhew that the love of future fame is a natural, therefore can be no criminal deſire, when proper means are taken to obtain it; and though it is not the primary object that moves great ſouls to generous and worthy actions, yet it is impreſſed by Heaven on every human mind, as a noble incitement and pleaſure in the performance. The hero who dies fighting for the freedom of his country; the martyr who ſuffers for ſupporting the truth, as well as they who forfeit ſome pleaſure to relieve others from pain, though firſt moved by patriotic and pious principles; yet they are all happy in hope of meeting the future applauſe of the wiſe and good, as well as the approbation of Heaven.

We may often obſerve thoſe who appropriate part of their wealth to public or charitable purpoſes, very improperly accuſed of vanity, or the immoderate deſire of future applauſe; but many incitements more than the love of fame, may influence the minds of the liberal to perform worthy actions; it is therefore uncandid to aſcribe an inferior view, as the alone motive of their generoſity.

If a fond parent, with the greateſt attention and expence, ſhall educate a favourite ſon, under the pleaſant proſpect of his ſucceeding to his titles and eſtate, whereby to tranſmit the memory of his name and virtues to poſterity with dignity and renown; that is certainly one very laudable incentive, for his anxiety about his ſon's education; but the parental affection, and religious duty of training up his offſpring to virtue and happineſs, are likewiſe two ſtrong motives of his conduct.

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There are others who have no children, yet fond of having their name perpetuated to future generations, they penuriouſly amaſs and ſave money, by refuſing their contributions to the nobleſt plans of charity, or the moſt ſpirited ſchemes for the advantage of ſociety, in order to endow ſome diſtant heir with a great eſtate.

But to the friends of the orphan, or guardians of indigent children, pertain a more noble and refined pleaſure, the ſweet reflection that they have been the fathers of the fatherleſs, and the means, in the hands of Providence, of protecting infant innocence, from poverty, ſhame, and miſery, and making them happy and uſeful members of the community.

I flatter myſelf, that the account given of this charitable Corporation, with the few looſe animadverſions on benevolence and liberality of ſentiment, may not be unworthy the notice of thoſe who wiſh to aid public charities, or ſuch patriotic ſchemes as tend to improve the country, and embelliſh the metropolis. And as the enlargement of the Orphan Hoſpital will ſerve both theſe purpoſes, it is hoped that the preſent neceſſities of this charitable, pious, and noble inſtitution, will meet with the aſſiſtance which it merits from the generous and humane.

THE aid of the benevolent is earneſtly intreated to ſupport the great number of Orphans taken in this year more than the funds can maintain, and to forward the intended enlargements of the Hoſpital. What the bountiful are pleaſed to pay into MR. THOMAS TOD, *Treaſurer to the Corporation, for accompliſking theſe laudable purpoſes, will be gratefully acknowledged.*

BRITISH MUSEUM 30 61 APR

POETICAL MEDITATIONS,

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

On PURE *and* PRACTICAL RELIGION.

THAT ſoul, incomprehenſible, divine,
Whoſe quick'ning rays throughout creation ſhine,
Proclaims aloud, by Nature's chearing voice,
That all were firſt created to rejoice;
That human pow'rs and faculties were giv'n,
To glow on earth, and raiſe the ſoul to heav'n;
The mind to guide, thro' Nature's wild'ring courſe,
To Nature's God—to Reaſon's pureſt ſource,—
Whoſe eſſence, hid from thought, or finite eye,
Pervades all ſpace, throughout immenſity;
From whoſe unbounded ſource, all pleaſures flow
To heav'n above, and thouſand worlds below:
As ſparks from Infinite, all beings riſe,
Who move on earth, in ſea, or wing the ſkies,
In varied ſpheres, that goodneſs to diſplay,
Who calls aloud, "T' enjoy, is to obey."

Let Man, the lord of all who live below,
On whom kind Heav'n did reas'ning pow'rs beſtow,
Give ear, and liſten to that heav'nly voice,
Who bids Creation gladden and rejoice.
Can Reaſon's children greater homage pay
To Nature's God, than humbly to obey
His call, to ſearch in queſt of pureſt bliſs,
And feel the joy of ſocial happineſs?
To chear the friendleſs, to relieve from pain,
And ſweet young helpleſs Innocence ſuſtain;
To ſtem the riſing tide of human woe,
And wide extend, the bliſs of friend or foe.
No pining envy, no corroding care,
Nor party-faction in their minds appear;
With heartfelt joy, they ſmile on other's bliſs,
Their ſouls a calm ſerenity poſſeſs.
No glitt'ring pomp, no adulating praiſe,
Their minds elate, or flutt'ring fancies raiſe;
Kind ſympathy, like ſunſhine on the Soul,
Her pow'rs expand—her paſſions all controul.
In pure devotion, humble and ſincere,
While rites of ſacred worſhip they revere,
The weak, the wicked, theſe alone deſpiſe,
Who God adore, are grateful, good and wiſe.
If to blind mortals Revelation's giv'n,
Thoſe godlike virtues are the voice of Heav'n;
They breathe out wiſdom, worth and common ſenſe,
Without them, faith is all a vain pretence.
Can zeal for dark enthuſiaſtic ſcheme,
Be ſanctified by Infinite Supreme,
Whoſe ſecret paths from mortals lie conceal'd,
While ſocial love all nature hath reveal'd?
Would'ſt thou Heav'n's ſacred oracles diſplay,
The voice of tender Sympathy obey!
Would'ſt thou believe, be orthodox, or wiſe,
Beware of party-faction's mean diſguiſe!
But, mov'd by ſofteſt feelings of the mind,
Be gentle, meek, benevolent and kind;

To

BRITISH MUSEUM 30 61 APR

To all the offspring of the human race,
Breathe out pure love, benignity and peace!
  In juſt proportion to the joy we give,
Or from diſtreſs the numbers we relieve,
So our religion's either feign'd or true,
And ſo applauſe from heav'n and earth is due.
  'Tis not opinion, party, or diſpute,
'Bout myſteries, which leave the mind in doubt,
But how we imitate the pow'rs above,
In acts of grace, benignity, and love.
  For Heav'n delights in univerſal peace;
But dreams and ſyſtems of fanatic race,
Throw clouds and darkneſs o'er the rays which ſhine
On pure religion, moral and divine.
  Th' eternal laws of rectitude appear,
To candid eye, all rational—all clear:
Great Nature calls to ſearch in queſt of bliſs,
And ſpeaks one boundleſs ſource of happineſs.
  Sure that unbounded Goodneſs muſt rejoice
In hearts humane, who hear the plaintive voice
Of infant innocence, or feeble age,
And ſmooth the rugged paths of life's laſt ſtage.
  The ſweet reflection of a gen'rous mind,
Exalts the ſoul, by ſentiment refin'd;
While minds abſorb'd in ſublunary ſenſe,
Can feel no joy, like ſoft benevolence.
  Ye who conceive aright th' eternal plan,
Of peace on earth, and good will towards Man,
Howe'er you may believe, will clearly ſee,
That faith's eſſential end is CHARITY.

MICAH vi. 8.

In Heav'n's eternal law, no more we find,
Than to be juſt, benevolent, and kind
To all the human race; our God adore:
And with humility his ways explore.

On HOPE.

WHY pain and death, all mortals here ſhould find,
With pining envy's canker of the mind,
Mixt in the bitter cup of human woes,
To aid the vengeance of indignant foes;
In life's ſhort paſſage, why ſuch ſtorms ſhould riſe,
Thro' ſable clouds, to toſs the good and wiſe,
With fell diſeaſe, foul peſtilence, and plague,
Where high-born tyrants join in hoſtile league,
With dire, oppreſſive, ſacerdotal wrath,
To ſcatter wide, deſtruction, fire and death?
Poor mortals feel, but who can comprehend
Their wiſe deſign, their purpoſe, uſe or end?
In kind compaſſion to the human race,
Heav'n ſends ſweet Hope, as meſſenger of peace,
Our brittle bark to ſteer, where billows roll,
And, as an anchor, ſtay the ſtagg'ring ſoul
'Midſt rocks and ſhoals, where, as a gleam of light,
Hope ſhines, and ſays, "What Heav'n ordains, is right."
Let thunders roar, and raging tempeſts pour,
Th' eternal laws of rectitude are ſure;
To reaſon dark, tho' Heav'n's decrees appear,
That mortals all muſt ſome affliction bear.
Inchanting Hope! thro' thy unbounded views,
The gloom diſpels—great Nature's face renews!
Inſpir'd by thee, we feed on diſtant joys;
Thou light'ſt the load of care, which life annoys;
The bitter cup, ordain'd to ev'ry ſtage,
From infancy, to hoary head of age;
By thy ſweet cordial drop, or whiſp'ring voice,
We freely drink, we promiſe, and rejoice!
To youth thou ope'ſt a proſpect rich and gay;
The lover chides thy flattering delay;

When

When feeble age hath lengthen'd out the ſpace
Great Nature meaſur'd to the human race,
By thee, the dawn of bright eternal ſun,
Beams forth his rays, on ages yet to run,
Where charms of youth, by age no more decay,
But love and joy ſhine thro' their live-long day.
The bold adventurers to foreign ſhore,
Thro' death and danger, diſtant climes explore;
The hero fights, the ſailor plows the wave,
The peaſant ſows, the martyr courts the grave;
From high to low, from captive to the king,
All baſk, and fly on thy ſwift purple wing!
Bleſt Hope!—thou ſpur of life! thou ſpring of joy!
Whoſe active pow'rs our nobleſt thoughts employ,
On thy ſwift flowing tide, or gentle gale,
Life's helm we ſteer, or bend our ſpreading ſail!
Without thy aid, like ſhips becalm'd at ſea,
How dull and languid would all mankind be!
To rationals alone, kind Hope is giv'n,
To ſweeten life, and lead their ſouls to heav'n;
Hope feeds the ſoul, anticipates delight,
Bids Nature ſhine, tho' diſtant from the ſight;
By Hope we tow'r above all ranks below,
On whom kind Heav'n doth varied pow'rs beſtow.
Tho' modes of ſenſe, in dull and thoughtleſs brute,
Are oft more poignant, and far more acute;
They taſte, they touch, they ſmell, they hear and ſee,
With inſtinct pow'rs, or microſcopic eye;
Untantaliz'd by Hope, feel more delight
From ſenſual bliſs, than men, who toil and fight
To purchaſe joys, which fancy hath confin'd,
Alone to pleaſe a vitiated mind.
Hope ſwells the heart, ſets all the ſoul on fire,
To mount on Expectation's wide deſire;
Exalted high, like bubbles on the air,
They burſt, and tumble down, to deep deſpair!
Thus toſs'd about, on doubt, on hope and fear,
Bleſt Hope, immortal, wipes the dropping tear.

If ſouls at death fall to non-entity,
Why ſhould mankind by Hope derided be?
Heav'n wiſely fram'd all beings to produce,
The nobleſt purpoſe of their end and uſe;
To fill the link of one amazing chain,
And feel what bliſs their natures can ſuſtain.
Why, then, in Heav'n's great univerſal plan,
Should fruitleſs Hope be thus aſſign'd to Man?
Of which depriv'd, replete with anxious care,
He flies to ſuicide in dark deſpair!
Why, undiſturb'd, ſhould brutes exult in joy,
While fears and cares the human kind annoy?
Great Nature never operates in vain,
Nor plants deſires, to terminate in pain;
Thus Reaſon ſpeaks, that Hope to Man aſſign'd,
Is ſure his nobleſt faculty of mind.
Bleſt Hope, as Man's prerogative alone,
Props feeble age, when ſenſual joys are gone;
It meaſures diſtant time with equal eye,
And opes a view to vaſt eternity!
It calms life's ſtorms, it ſmooths the foaming wave,
And ſlopes an eaſy paſſage to the grave;
'Tis Heav'n's ſtill voice, ſoft whiſp'ring in his ear,
"Thou art immortal! Live in hope and fear!
"While pent on earth, 'tis all thy ſtate can bear!"
Sweet Hope! thou cordial of the human ſoul!
On thy ſmooth wheels, all human actions roll;
Our minds exhilarate, our cares ſuppreſs,
All mild and gentle, ſoftens our diſtreſs!
'Midſt ſtorms and tempeſts, on the raging ſeas,
Hope's anchor thrown, deſpair is all at eaſe;
In dungeon darkneſs, Hope beams forth a ray,
The gloom diſpels, and all is ſmiling day;
When racking pain, and ling'ring fell diſeaſe,
Our fibres twiſt, and on our vitals ſeize;
While toſſing on a bed of thorns, we find,
By Hope, our pillow ſmooth'd, our ſouls reſign'd.

Love, hope, and joy, are Reaſon's higheſt aim,
But hope and faith all other graces claim,
Their boundleſs views ſet all our ſouls on fire,
Our minds expand, and all our pow'rs inſpire
With ev'ry noble thought, and pure deſire.

On PHYSIOGNOMY; *or, The cloſe connection between the* HUMAN SOUL *and* BODY—*hence the propriety of decent and harmonious Public Worſhip.*

PHYSIOGNOMY! thou mirror of the mind!
By thee, we all our ruling paſſions find!
A pencil paints the portrait of a face,
That roars in war, or ſmiles in gentle peace;
Each feature ſpeaks ſome paſſion of the mind,
And opes to view, the barbarous or kind.
Our features are the ſignature of thought;
They move the mind, as by the muſcles wrought;
Who, in their turn, are chang'd to foul or fair,
As mov'd by Man's internal hemiſphere.
A look auſtere, inimical, moroſe,
To foul diſdain or envy will diſpoſe;
As hearts unkind, vindictive, proud, or ſly,
The features twiſt, or flaſh out from the eye.
Some we may ſee, in ev'ry public place,
Who wear a ſour, or ſupercilious face;
And ſeem, from conſcious merit, to expect
What all around deny—profound reſpect;
But looks ſo high and mighty, who can bear?
They ever meet with Scorn's contempt'ous ſneer:

Tho'

Tho' modeſty may ſterling humour hide,
No ſenſe nor ſentiment can flow from pride:
If vanity proclaims the want of ſenſe,
The poor will find it wants benevolence;
Who ſoar ſo high, how can they ſee below,
Or condeſcend, a poor man's caſe to know?
Their looks demand reſpect, or ſlaviſh fear,
Their frowns forbid the wretched to appear.
A ſelfiſh pride diſtinguiſhes the coward,
Reverſe of pride—Benignity and HOWARD.
Deep dungeon darkneſs, wretches bound in chains,
To ſee, relieve, or viſit, pride diſdains;
T' eſpouſe the orphan, or the widow's cauſe,
The proud man ſhuns, when hid from vain applauſe;
His high and overbearing looks declare,
None but the great and mighty he can bear.
A coward's afraid his perſon to expoſe,
And flies from fevers, as from diſtant foes;
Not ſo the ſaint, who dives in dungeon deep,
To hear forlorn, deſerted pris'ners weep,
Allay their groans, and as with angels breath,
By ſoft ſalubrious air, revive from ling'ring death.
He feels with kind compaſſion all their woes,
Like riſing ſun, beams health where'er he goes;
His rays ſhine forth to diſtant foreign ſhore,
Mankind to bleſs, and miſeries explore.
If hero's laurel withers on a coward,
'T ſhould bud and bloſſom, round the head of HOWARD;
One fights and toils, poor mortals to deſtroy,
The other nobly foſters health and joy.
If virtue finds a great reward below,
On him, what heart-felt joy ſhould it beſtow!
If gen'rous ſpirits ſhall hereafter ſhine,
His ſoul will riſe to Majeſty divine.
The Man of Feeling's paths are bleſt all round,
He reaps ſweet fruit from dry parcht barren ground;
On with'ring flow'rs, he ſprinkles balmy dew,
And bids pale Nature's face, her native bloom renew.

Soft

Soft odours riſe, bright objects round him ſhine,
His ſenſe to pleaſe, and ſentiment refine;
He loves, and in return is lov'd by all,
Kind Nature ſmiles, his feelings to regale.
While vulgar eyes behold a tragic ſcene
Void of concern, or ſympathetic pain,
He glows with ſoft compaſſion's kind deſire,
To ſave a hero, or with him expire.
As rays of light 'twixt clouds, which o'er them roll,
He feels a ſunſhine beaming thro' the ſoul,
A hero, or a HARLEY, ſpeaks his mind,
The Man of Feeling ever will be kind;
His ſmiles and tears ſit with becoming grace,
And paint endearing feelings on his face.
By reaſon, paſſion, pride, or diffidence,
The face ſpeaks out, ſtupidity or ſenſe;
Thus ſouls benign, who breathe out love and peace,
Beam thro' the eye, and form a comely face.
While peeviſh minds, unbountiful, auſtere,
Contract the features, and all gloom appear;
By certain looks, we harbour ev'ry ſin,
Hence outward geſtures tell who dwells within;
Kind ſocial virtue ſweetens ev'ry feature,
And thus diſplays the ſignal of good-nature.
You'll ſee a face, tho' not exceeding fair,
Nor fine turn'd features, yet ſo ſweet an air
Of ſoft complacency, and heart-felt eaſe,
The mind ſhines forth, and bids the body pleaſe;
At once you ſee or feel, you know not how,
From ev'ry word or look, the charm renew.
But who can ſit at eaſe, or free from pain,
Where dazzling beauty frowns with ſour diſdain?
The heart and outward features ſo reſemble,
'Tis ten to one, if e'er they can diſſemble;
Thus may the paſſions of the mind ſpeak loud,
Tho' tongue lie ſilent, in the baſe or proud.
Some paint their principles in gloomy face,
And, by ſad looks, religion they diſgrace,

While thoſe more pious, and of much more ſenſe,
Smile thro' ſweet hope, and ſoft benevolence.
One feeds his mind on myſtery and doubt,
Which ſcrews his features worſe than fit of gout,
The other looks no further than his ſight,
Convinc'd that Heav'n's eternal laws are right;
In confidence, he ſets his heart at eaſe,
His viſage ſpeaks that all he fain would pleaſe.
If ſweet delightful features you would find,
They ſparkle thro' the temper of the mind;
If vain bad hearts, by beauty ever pleaſe,
They ſure have learn'd the art to hypocriſe;
As virtue over vice will ever ſhine,
The mind alone our features can refine.
Thus if in church, the worſhip be compleat,
Our outward frame with inward will unite;
To kneel in adoration, or to ſtand,
To due reſpect the ſpirit will command;
External objects ſtrike upon the ſenſe,
Hence all indecent poſtures give offence.
By ſight or ſound, the human frame will find
A ſtrange unknown impreſſion on the mind;
Soft muſic elevates devotion's fire,
Our paſſions ſoothe, and wakes up pure deſire.
Why, then, preſume in diſcord to addreſs
The Source of Harmony, or ſins confeſs
To Goodneſs Infinite, all pure, all wiſe,
Or dream that diſcord he will not deſpiſe?
That he who decks up Nature's rich attire,
Should in his temple, meanneſs e'er deſire,
As well imagine, pain and fell diſeaſe
Of human kind, great Nature's God ſhould pleaſe;
The mind exults, and riſes up on high,
From grandeur, elegance, and harmony.
Aſk, why kind Heav'n bids certain ſounds combin'd,
Sweet harmony produce, to pleaſe the mind,
While others ſound harſh diſcord to the ear,
Which ſtrike the ſoul with horror, dread and fear;

As well inquire why Nature, or kind Heav'n,
All other ſenſes to mankind hath giv'n?
How taſte, ſweet fragrant ſmell, and wond'rous ſight,
Or feeling joy, ſhould give the mind delight?
But this we know, ſoft muſic to the ſoul,
Devotion warms—our wand'ring thoughts controul.
Great Nature's God, can Nature's pow'rs employ,
To raiſe up terror, or exalt our joy;
He bids the breath of ſoft elaſtic air,
Diſpel, by harmony, ſlow pining care;
By winds loud voice enrag'd, like thund'ring fire,
Rouſe up the ſoul, and kindle fierce deſire;
By plaintive ſtrains, again the paſſions move,
With tender ſympathy, or gentle love.
The voice of muſic, here to mortals giv'n,
Tunes up the ſoul, for harmony in heav'n,
No joy on earth, ſo ſpiritual and pure,
Nor what our feelings can ſo long endure.
Age blunts the vigour of the human frame,
And checks the ardour of each youthful ſcheme;
But joys of harmony, to ſouls ſublime,
As age creeps on, command the more eſteem.
Bleſt harmony! thou ſweet angelic voice!
Inſpir'd by thee, the pureſt hearts rejoice!
To feeling ſouls alone thy joys aſcend,
And as they feel, thy pleaſures comprehend!
As dark to beauty, thoſe depriv'd of ſight,
So callous minds, in thee find no delight!
Huſh, then, thou jarring unharmonious ear!
When fixing forms of worſhip, don't appear!
As modes of faith that harmony deſpiſe,
Can ne'er be grateful to the good and wiſe.
Almighty Pow'r ne'er operates in vain,
Nor joys excite, to terminate in pain;
Hence that delight from melody in praiſe,
Which minds devout, exhilarate and raiſe.
Tho' praiſe, with ſymphony in all its parts,
Is jarring noiſe, from vain and impious hearts;

But when devotion fires a ſoul ſincere,
That mind will elegance and harmony revere.
Some for internal worſhip, will pretend
The moſt indecent poſtures to defend;
And vainly dream, that thought, or ſubtile ſoul,
Can ſenſe, and all their mortal pow'rs controul.
If from their ſouls, their bodies they could take,
And change their frames to high angelic make,
Or leave a carcaſe with a coat at door,
Thus with their ſouls, glide in all bright, all pure,
Then might the organ, or the voice forbear,
As void of ears, 'tis plain, they could not hear;
But while on earth, our outward frame, we find
Till death, can ne'er be from the ſoul disjoin'd,
Why will a harſh and unharmonious heart,
Rob pure religion of ſo ſweet a part?
They from extremes of outward form would fly,
To languid, dull inſenſibility,
As if they dream'd religion only lay
In dreary paths, where none can e'er be gay;
Or with ſad viſage, brooding o'er their fate,
And blaming Nature for their ſinful ſtate;
They court diſtreſs, they ſeek external pain,
And gifts divine, reject with ſour diſdain.
Such gloomy thoughts of God as men conceive,
Such is the worſhip they to him will give;
They who believe the Fountain of All Joy
Could e'er be pleas'd his creatures to deſtroy;
Or that his vengeance, mortals muſt appeaſe
By murder, blood, or brutal ſacrifice,
Implacable, relentleſs, as they dream
Their Maker is, they ſure will be the ſame.
Thus mortals are by gloomy minds miſled,
However bleſt, they never dare be glad;
The voice of Nature calls aloud for joy,
In queſt of this, we all our pow'rs employ;
Religion points us out the ſafeſt road,
Man's higheſt bliſs, is gratitude to God.

A ſoul who feels the joy of grateful praiſe,
His thoughts and aims, will elevate and raiſe
Above terreſtrial bliſs; 'twill prompt the mind
To be humane, benevolent, and kind.
But he who ſhuts his ears to Nature's voice,
No ſound can hear, but diſcord's jarring noiſe,
Which rends all order, harmony, deſign,
And ſhakes all ſyſtems, moral and divine.
For while the ſoul inſpires the mortal frame,
Who hurts the one, the other he will maim;
Theſe old companions of the fleſh and ſpirit,
Each others pains and pleaſures will inherit,
Till he who fram'd them both, calls forth the mind,
And Man's dead reſtive matter is conſign'd
Back to thoſe elements from whence it came,
To form new bodies, which will act the ſame.
But all agree, the joys of ſaints above,
Are everlaſting harmony and love;
How, then, can ſons of diſcord happy be,
If join'd with endleſs love and harmony?
He ſins againſt good ſenſe, who ſhuns to hear
The voice of God, with reverence and fear;
And ſits in ſacred temple unconcern'd,
As tho' by men and angels undiſcern'd.
Such jarring ſtrings in harmony's abode,
How can they be acceptable to God?
Who ſpoke to birth the ſoul and outward frame,
And muſt from both a grateful homage claim!
If Wiſdom Infinite hath mortals made,
That ſenſe and ſoul ſo nearly doth accede;
He who denies we by our features ſpeak,
Say what he will, he's either blind or weak;
And he who dreams the ſoul can act alone,
Muſt wait, till from this earthly frame ſhe's gone.

On the MUTABILITY *of the* ANIMAL SPIRITS.

OUR minds on tide of ſpirits ebb or flow,
On them they riſe or fall, move ſwift or ſlow,
And as they agitate the ſubtle brain,
The mind's impreſs'd with pleaſure or with pain;
The vital ſpirits, when they ceaſe to flow,
What dreams, what ſpectres, what wild ſcenes of woe
Preſent the gloomy mind with doubt or fear,
And change each comfort into brooding care!
When apprehenſion ſhakes the tim'rous mind,
Then moping melancholy ſtalks behind;
A diſmal ſilence, and a dread repoſe,
Fill life with dark imaginary woes:
The mind diſturb'd with anxious doubts and fears,
Each blaſt of wind a hurricane appears,
A mole-hill ſwells up to a mountain's height,
And oft the head becomes a pond'rous weight.
Theſe freaks and fancies are not all confin'd
To ſhake the diſſolute or narrow mind;
We ſee the good, intelligent and wiſe,
By ebb or flow of ſpirits, thus diſguiſe
Their reas'ning pow'rs, from ſome ſtrange hidden cauſe,
Preſcrib'd by Nature's dark myſterious laws,
Are check'd from action on the ſubtle brain,
Till that etherial ſpirit riſe again,
Or till rekindl'd by celeſtial ſpark.
To dive more deep we wander in the dark!
Ye wiſe adepts, who trace the circling blood,
And oft canvaſs that winding purple flood,
Who all our curious fabric annaliſe,
Can you deſcribe this nervous ſtrange diſeaſe?
How that inviſible, ſwift vital flame,
That flies impetuous thro' the mortal frame,

Should

Should ſink or elevate the human mind,
As ſubtle ſpirits flow, or as confin'd,
Or how ſome particle obſtructs a nerve,
Whoſe uſe and end may cogitation ſerve?
What ſtrange viciſſitudes the ſpirits raiſe,
To foſter health, or aggravate diſeaſe!
To-day ſome phantom loads us with diſtreſs,
That whim to-morrow wears a lighter dreſs,
Soon as the ſpirits riſe, it fades away,
And all around is bright refulgent day;
But when the ſpirits ſink, and health decays,
A dreary darkneſs clouds the ſun's bright rays;
Tho' Nature ſmile, with azure ſky ſerene,
The mind depreſs'd, paints all a gloomy ſcene,
Where moping melancholy dreams to find
In lonely ſolitude, an eaſy mind.
But when ſome crotchet fills the aching breaſt,
To meditate, is to be more depreſs'd;
When whims of fancy roll upon the ſoul,
They oft, like frenzy, riſe above controul:
Then fly from ſolitude to ſocial joy,
Let gen'rous deeds your active pow'rs employ!
Theſe can alone a drooping ſpirit raiſe,
And mend a melancholy mad diſeaſe:
As pools corrupt, when ſtagnate or confin'd,
A languid indolence corrupts the mind;
Man's buſy thought ſome object muſt employ,
Or idle ſloth will wither all his joy.
Look round, and view what varied ſcenes of woe
Poor fellow-mortals feel, from high to low;
There will you find employment, there ſolace
Your anxious ſoul, as meſſenger of peace;
There ſoften ſorrows, there diſtreſs relieve,
There give delight, and mutual joy receive;
The ſoul there ſmiles, there gloomy clouds diſpel,
'Tis there alone true dignity can dwell;
There tireſome indolence, and yawning hours,
No more ſhall waſte your buſy active pow'rs!

Where minds devout, benevolent, and wiſe,
As riſing ſun at morn, their ſpirits riſe,
'Midſt calm ſerenity, and conſcience clear,
Life's rugged voyage in ſteady courſe they ſteer,
To that unbounded haven of delight,
That port of peace, which opes to mortal ſight,
Where tide of ſpirits riſe and fall no more,
Nor tempeſts rage, nor foaming billows roar,
But, from earth's fetters free, they glide away,
To bleſt abodes—to bright eternal day!

On SLEEP.

UP from the bed of ſlumber, now I wake,
As from the grave; my pow'rs to life ariſe,
Which ſilent lay, in deep profound repoſe,
Where dreams thro' Fancy's wild'ring mazes rove:
Pervading thought, ſpark of celeſtial fire,
Mounts up aloft, with dignity ſublime,
Plum'd with ſweet hope immortal, tow'rs on high,
And quick as light ſhe wings her ſpeedy way
O'er earth and ſea, thro' bright etherial ſky,
To boundleſs realms of infinite domain,
Wide graſping at eternal life and joy.
But, pent on earth, how frail the human frame!
Soon as the circling wheels of this machine
Have run their courſe with yon reſplendent ſun,
When tir'd with play, in drowſy languor loſt,
Thou, balmy Sleep! tir'd mortals kind reſource!
Bidſt active life ſtand ſtill and make a pauſe,

Till

Till on a downy couch, or moſſy bed,
Thou ſtretcheſt forth thy giddy yawning ſons,
To ſoothe and ſoftly wind their weary nerves,
And brace them up, a freſh career to run!
  Kind Nature thus our tott'ring frame reſtores
By ſilent Sleep; the ſubtile ſpirits flow
Thro' nerves inviſible, they work their way,
And tune again life's quiv'ring ſtrings, to play.
  How ſmooth the downy foot of Sleep creeps on!
And lulls to reſt, from toil and buſy care!
Sleep, death's great emblem, down the mighty pulls,
And lays them low; ſee how the hero lies!
Who in the morn, all rous'd by noiſy war,
At night ſeems dead, to ev'ry child a prey;
His piercing eye, that ſparkl'd bright as fire,
Now ſhut to all the glitt'ring field of fame,
Nor hears the ſound that beats to war's alarm!
His tow'ring ſoul, all big with deep deſigns,
To climb thro' blood, up wild Ambition's hill,
Sleep ſinks him down! immers'd in ſea of dreams,
Thro' wild romantic ſcenes, how quick he flies!
And deeds impoſſible, a dream atchieves.
  With what impartial hand, kind Nature deals
Her fancied joys! how Sleep diſtinctions blend!
The haughty prince, who rules throughout the day
With heavy rod, on crimſon couch reclines,
Wrapt up in horrid dream; hark! how he groans!
And drags, by weary pace, his galling chain,
With anguiſh greater than the meaneſt ſlave,
Who dreams, with joy, of high majeſtic crown,
And, while on Fancy's vehicle he flies,
The monarch plays, and triumphs in his turn!
  Ceaſe then to dream, that bliſs is all confin'd
To pomp, to pow'r, to vain fantaſtic ſhew!
Since joy alone is center'd in the ſoul,
And all the varied images that paſs
Acroſs the intellectual part of man,
To other pow'rs pertain, who ſtretches forth

A mirror to the mind, from thence reflects,
Or light, or ſhade, or happineſs, or woe!
Thou myſtery! thou miracle of Man!
Thy reas'ning mind, propenſities, and pow'rs,
With all the nice contexture of thy frame,
Announces loud, a Firſt Eternal Cauſe!
Whoſe pow'r and wiſdom, infinite ſupreme,
Above the climb of Reaſon, tow'rs on high,
And ſpeaks the infancy of human ſouls!
Who from effects, muſt infinite perceive,
On whoſe eſſential pow'r, creation hangs!
How blind poor mortal Man! how Reaſon reels!
When ſtretching wide, beyond her narrow bound,
Where Fancy roves, in wild'ring mazes loſt
Amidſt the dark unerring paths of Heav'n!
Why Sleep, kind Nature's nurſe, ſhould ſport with life,
And ſeem beſt pleas'd her active ſons to ſlay;
That Man ſhould die each day, again to live,
And ſink in ſlumber, reaſon to reſtore!
How wild romantic dreams, paint on the ſoul
All Nature's works, tho' abſent from the eye;
Or how we feel the force of pain or joy,
While ſunk in ſolitary ſoft repoſe,
Remote from objects, tangible to ſenſe!
If diſtant planets are poſſeſs'd by ſouls
Cloth'd with the ſubſtance of our earthly frame,
And as in magnitude, theſe mighty orbs,
Are meaſur'd out, their high ſtupenduous ſons!
Whether they ſleep for hours, or days, or years,
As dark, or light, or age of life prolong'd!
Or, if compos'd of matter more refin'd,
Whoſe ſubtile ſprings no winding may require,
But, with unwearied flight, from pole to pole,
On ſeraph's wings, their vehicles convey,
Free from fatigue, or languiſhing decay.
If ſatellites of meaner ſize contain
A race of men in min'ature, who die,
To riſe again, in majeſty and joy;

What link of life, in Nature's endleſs chain,
May thoſe bright flaming orbs poſſeſs, who fly
In rapid courſe, around eleptic line,
Where ages paſs, 'ere they approach the ſun!
What vaſt variety of thought and ſenſe,
May occupy ten thouſand worlds unknown,
Whoſe rays are not arriv'd to mortal eye!
  Theſe are the dark and hidden paths of Heav'n,
On Fancy's field, where mortals blindly rove!
Yet while on Contemplation's wing we ſoar,
Conjecture glows, creation we explore,
And, wrapt in webs of wonder, God adore.
  But Heav'n, in kindneſs to the human race,
Points out the road to happineſs and peace;
Bids conſcious virtue peace of mind beſtow,
The pureſt bliſs of mortals here below;
Bids ſweet content, and competence of wealth,
Add joy to life, and luxury to health;
Bids active induſtry, firm health procure,
And temperance that balm of life ſecure;
Compenſates toil, by ſoft and ſoothing reſt,
Announcing loud, that Heav'n's decrees are beſt.
  Tho' dark to Man, yet ſons of Reaſon find,
That Nature's ever bountiful and kind;
That pow'rs and high propenſities are giv'n,
When rul'd aright, as nobleſt gifts of Heav'n;
Inſtinctive pow'rs, all animals poſſeſs,
To point them out the road to happineſs.
  Thus God and Nature's univerſal voice,
Bid all on earth be happy and rejoice;
Great Nature teems with boundleſs life and joy,
In varied ſpheres, who all their pow'rs employ
In queſt of bliſs, adapted to the line
Preſcrib'd by Wiſdom, Infinite, Divine,
Who fills immenſity with thought or ſenſe,
And all proclaim a wiſe Omnipotence.

MORNING HYMN.

ETERNAL Source of being, life and love!
By Thee I think, I act, I live, I move;
I ſleep, I wake, I feel, I hear and ſee!
The joys of all perception are from Thee!
Thou who firſt fram'd this exquiſite machine,
To Thee alone its ſecret ſprings are ſeen!
Thro' winding ſtreams the ſubtile ſpirits flow,
To ſwell the tide of life, as high or low;
Thou pour'ſt them forth as miniſters of health,
To bleſs the ſons of penury or wealth,
With heart content, ſerenity and peace,
The richeſt treaſures of the Human race.
Fountain of Reaſon's intellectual pow'rs!
By Thee I wake from Sleep's dark ſilent hours,
Again to view the riſing dawn of day
Gild Nature's face, to ſhine, all bright, all gay;
Her grand magnificence, let me explore!
And Thee, her all-pervading ſoul adore!
By thought ſublime, my active ſpirit raiſe,
To ſoar above this dark, this wild'ring maze,
Where blinded mortals all their pow'rs employ,
In keen purſuit of tranſitory joy!
Give me to feel that ſoft benevolence
And gen'rous deeds, exceed all joys of ſenſe!
That love and hope are mortals' higheſt bliſs,
Hope of a life to come, and love in this!
That peace and pleaſure Man can only find,
In love to thee, and love to all mankind!
May dire revenge, or envy's pale diſeaſe,
Ne'er ſting my ſoul, nor on my paſſions ſeize!

But void of wrath, of foul reſentment free,
Such mercy ſhow, as mortals hope from Thee!
Mourn with the mourner, feel my neighbour's woe,
Be kind to all, and reconcile my foe!
Rejoice to ſee, or hear of others joy,
May ſocial love, my nobleſt pow'rs employ!
Nights paſs away, the foot of time ſteals on,
The years, the days, the hours, will ſoon be gone,
Which meaſure out my ſhort uncertain breath,
Announcing loud, my ſwift approach to death,
That awful night, which terminates my fate,
Beyond whoſe bound, contrition is too late!
That launch from life, to riſe I know not where,
To pain or pleaſure in ſome diſtant ſphere!
On me, yon riſing ſun will ſhine no more,
No more theſe eyes ſhall Nature's face explore!
Thoſe hills and dales, ſweet groves, and murm'ring ſtreams,
Will ſoon to me appear as airy dreams!
The hoarded magazines of rich attire,
And ſplendid trifles mortals moſt admire,
As tranſient glare of blazing light ariſe,
The weak to pleaſe, and often blind the wiſe;
Their luſtre loſe, and ſwiftly fly away,
New maſters' flutt'ring fancies to obey;
While age creeps on, and bids the ſire prepare
To quit thoſe bawbles to a riſing heir!
With eager hand, he graſps the gilded toy,
Which fell diſeaſe prohibits to enjoy.
Thus Heav'n's eternal wiſdom doth ordain,
That mortal ſcenes a conſtant flux maintain;
That pains and pleaſures in ſucceſſion roll,
As ſable clouds, or funſhine o'er the ſoul!
Till death's approach, that dread important hour,
Which now muſt terminate all mortal pow'r!
When all that chear the eye, or charm the ear,
In ſolemn ſilence ſoon muſt diſappear;
When faithful friends and kindred we muſt leave,
And ſink in doubt and darkneſs, to the grave!

Thou laſt retreat! thou refuge of oppreſt!
Where troubles ceaſe, the weary are at reſt!
To be, or not to be! thou anxious thought!
That this pervading ſoul may fall to nought,
No more to think, anticipate, reflect,
Adore, contemplate, or new joys expect;
Nor kindle more, by philoſophic fire,
That tow'ring hope, that heavenly deſire
To ſcatter wide the fertile ſeeds of joy,
And all thoſe noble god-like pow'rs employ,
Which lighted up this momentary ſcene,
And bade mankind, be happy and ſerene!
Thou thought! thou min'ature of thought divine!
Muſt ever think, and ever muſt refine,
If breath'd in Man, by infinite deſign!
Who raiſes up no vain, no falſe deſire,
Which tow'ring hope, and wiſdom to admire
Almighty works, would be in Human kind,
If as the frame, ſo mortal were the mind.
While on this narrow point of time and ſpace,
Thy wiſdom meaſur'd out for Human race,
On wings of hope, immortal, let me fly,
And ſtretch from time, to vaſt eternity!
Thither may ev'ry thought and action tend,
Be all my aims, to bleſs mankind, and mend!
And when life's active buſtling day is o'er,
When death's dread ſleep ſteals on, to wake no more!
Nor float again on Fancy's ſea of dreams,
But ſweep thro' ceaſeleſs time's revolving ſtreams!
Which ſwift in rapid courſe, impetuous fly,
To boundleſs ocean of eternity!
Whether my mortal hour is ſoon or late,
My ſoul, prepare for that dark future ſtate!
Now hid from finite thought, or mortal eye,
Life of all life! O give me ſtill to be!
To riſe again, and ſoar thro' boundleſs ſpace,
To join that high and elevated race

Of ſouls all happy, permanent and free,
Enlarg'd by love, and gratitude to Thee!
Where joys ineffable, in raptures riſe,
Where all are juſt, benevolent and wiſe,
Where friends by friendſhip, ſentiment refine,
Where pureſt love, and light eternal ſhine!

EVENING HYMN.

FATHER of all! thro' univerſal ſpace,
To Thee they lift their eyes, from race to race!
Thy glad'ning ſtreams to countleſs millions flow,
From higheſt rank to mortals here below!
Whoſe pow'rs Thou doſt to narrow ſpace confine,
To ſerve the purpoſe of ſome wiſe deſign:
Tho' dark and intricate to feeble Man,
Yet all conſiſtent with Thy mighty plan,
That ſable night, and buſy ſmiling day,
Shall roll the years of human life away.
As foaming billows on the ſea revolve,
A conſtant flux, life's fleeting ſcenes diſſolve;
Thus down the tide of time's ſwift courſe we fly,
And, borne on wings of balmy ſleep, we die.
Amazing ſleep! epitome of death!
Where life ſeems dead, tho' unbereav'd of breath,
The ſoul dethron'd, wrapt up in ſubtile brain,
Till thought awakes, and Reaſon reigns again.
While Nature winds this exquiſite machine,
O ſoothe my ſlumbers, and ſubdue my pain!
By dreams devout, may wand'ring fancy fly
To Thee, the Fountain of Eternal Joy;
And when to morn I wake, my ſpirit raiſe,
By thought ſublime, Thy name to laud and praiſe!
Then all my roving doubts and fears will reſt,
On this great truth, what Thou ordain'ſt is beſt;

My nature wiſely ſuited to the place
In Thy unbounded realms of peopl'd ſpace,
My pow'rs of ſoul, or ſenſe, can ſafely bear,
In this ſhort point of my exiſtence here;
To fill the link of that amazing chain,
On which thou do'ſt ten thouſand worlds ſuſtain!
Where thought and ſenſe in juſt gradations ſhine,
All baſking in the beams of love divine.
Thro' boundleſs ſpace, Thy all-pervading eye,
Beholds whole hoſts of circling worlds fly
Around vaſt globes of fire, where wand'ring ſtars
With blazing tails, are marſhall'd, as in wars
Of earthly potentates, who armies ſway;
Suns, worlds and ſyſtems, Thy dread voice obey!
Thro' countleſs orbs, replete with life and joy,
What ſcenes of bliſs may varied pow'rs employ!
Tho' diſtant ſpheres, they move by one great ſoul,
Who fills, who bounds, and animates the whole.
The circling flux of Nature's varying face,
The tide of time, with all the Human race,
At once appear to Thy unbounded view,
For ever changing, and for ever new!
Thy quick'ning rays, enlighten all to ſhine,
With grandeur, harmony, and deep deſign,
While pow'r and wiſdom, Infinite, Supreme,
Direct and guide the univerſal ſcheme!
Of all effects, Thou art the prim'ry cauſe!
Great Nature moves by thy determin'd laws,
In ways conſiſtent with her conſtant courſe,
Omnipotence! how boundleſs Thy reſource!
'Midſt all Thy works thro' univerſal ſpace,
Bright Reaſon ſhines, to light the Human race
With pow'rs of ſoul, great Nature to explore,
And Thee, her Lord and Maker to adore!
The joys of reaſon, all we feel or ſee,
Our life, our breath, our being, flow from Thee!
The winding ſtreams of this complex machine
Glide gently on, all ſilent, all unſeen.

By jarring elements, or azure ſkies,
Our circling tide of ſpirits fall or riſe;
While, unperceiv'd, life vibrates to decay,
Till feeble age muſt Nature's voice obey.
But while on Time's ſhort fleeting ſtage I move,
And ſtill in queſt of new purſuits I rove,
May virtue ſhine above all joys of ſenſe,
And light my paths to ſoft benevolence!
May ſocial love my nobleſt pow'rs employ,
To fit the ſoul for pure celeſtial joy,
Where rip'ning fruits of love progreſſive grow,
And thro' eternity, in tides of tranſport flow.
Eternity! thou pleaſing awful thought!
Thou blend'ſt all mortal ſcenes, they ſink to nought!
Within thy boundleſs courſe, vain Time appears,
An hour the ſame, as long revolving years!
Ten thouſand ages ſure muſt paſs away,
As if a watch by night; new dawn of day
Will then ariſe; Eternity's the ſame;
Revolving ſcenes return from whence they came,
To riſe again; in circling rounds they go,
And down the tide of Time's ſwift courſe they flow.
All Mortals float on that unbounded ſea,
One riſes on the wave that covers me;
Each billow ruſhes on with foaming ſpeed,
While tide on tide, roll out their num'rous dead.
A conſtant flux of life and death appears,
To meaſure time by ages, or by years;
Thus boundleſs Space, and boundleſs Time muſt be,
With Pow'r unbounded, centre all in Thee!
Incomprehenſible, Dread DEITY!

On the ACTIVITY *of the* HUMAN MIND.

THE Human race, kind Heav'n ordain'd to pleaſe,
By ſocial care, more than indulgent eaſe.
Man's active mind ſome object muſt purſue;
'Tis ever on the bent for ſomething new.
As ſtagnate pools corrupt in ſolar beams,
But glide all pure thro' ſwift revolving ſtreams;
By indolence, the fruit of o'ergrown wealth,
Man ſinks in ſloth, and waſtes his bloom of health.
Unanxious cares are comforts to Mankind,
Their ſpirits raiſe, and animate the mind
With noble deeds, all generous, all brave,
The world to bleſs, or from oppreſſion ſave.
Society, like one ſuperb machine,
Where thouſand wheels muſt operate unſeen,
In varied motions, all ſome part ſhould play,
Or Nature's voice, with pain, they diſobey;
The God of Nature wiſely doth ordain,
That Nature's works a conſtant flux maintain.
See earth's great frame; ſee worlds on worlds above,
Touch'd by Omnipotence, how ſwift they move!
Behold in rapid courſe, how Comets fly
With blazing tails, they ſweep the diſtant ſky!
See riſing billows on the foaming deep,
The ſwelling tides in agitation keep!
In all their revolutions none can reſt;
Thus, univerſal action ſure is beſt.
The circling veins, or wheels of our machine,
Are all in ſecret motion, tho' unſeen;
The animal and vegetable tribe,
By conſtant motion, vital pow'rs imbibe,
Where one ſmall fibre ſtops, there iſſues pain,
Till by re-action 'tis reſtor'd again.

If,

If, then, activity is Nature's plan,
Cares and employments are ordain'd for Man;
And they whoſe minds are void of ſocial care,
Drag out a weary life in doubt and fear.
A tireſome indolence, a yawning pain,
Their thoughts, their words, their actions, all reſtrain,
Till whims of fancy, cares on cares create,
Or fill the ſoul with gloomy dark debate
'Bout points on which a buſy active mind
No ſenſe can ſee, nor leaſt inſtruction find.
Or parties form, low vanity to feed,
Where all the ſtruggle's who ſhall be the head,
Or claim importance, and a buſtle make,
As mighty leaders of the blind or weak;
Such factious cares, ſocieties diſtreſs,
While ſocial cares enlarge our happineſs.
But when the mind is rack'd with pining care,
Relax your vigour, over-action ſpare!
Our cares ſhould be proportion'd to the ſtage
Of life we occupy in youth or age,
What burdens one, is to another light,
What chears one eye, may hurt another's ſight;
The hoary head admits not buſy care,
Of buſtling noiſy ſcenes, let him beware.
Old age, a calm ſerenity requires;
Sweet contemplation, more than ſtrong deſires,
Beſt ſuit the blunted paſſions of the mind,
With ſocial love, and peace with all Mankind;
But men long train'd to active induſtry,
When age creeps on, ſhould not inactive be;
To be the Widow's friend, the Orphan's ſtay,
Their vacant hours with grace will occupy.
Some active virtue, on their minds ſhould dwell,
Whether a private, or the public weal;
In piety, and kind benevolence,
A man of age appears a man of ſenſe;
In ev'ning of his day, in life's decline,
There all his pow'rs with dignity will ſhine.

That FINITE IDEAS *of* INFINITE, *proves the Exiſtence of a* DEITY.

GREAT Source of Light! by whom yon riſing Sun
In bright array, doth round his centre run,
To ſcatter wide his kind refulgent rays,
And wake the bluſh of Spring's ſoft ſmiling days;
To turn bleak Winter's wind to foſt'ring breeze,
Spread verdure round the groves and quiv'ring trees;
Bid Nature's voice, the flutt'ring pair obey,
And tune to harmony their vocal lay.
But that inviſible pervading Soul
Who lights the ſun, and Nature's laws controul,
Whoſe boundleſs eſſence, tho' by Reaſon ſought,
Tow'rs high above the climb of ſenſe or thought;
His pow'r ſupreme, by all, tho' fear'd and lov'd,
Is from reſearch, ineffably remov'd.
Yet Man, the meaneſt link in Reaſon's chain,
His mighty Maker's name, beholds all plain,
Where'er he moves, or rolls his wond'ring eye,
Thro' ſtarry frame, the earth, or ſpacious ſea;
Unbounded pow'r, intelligence ſupreme,
On Nature's face impreſt, His works proclaim,
From world to world, from age to age they run,
In characters coeval with the ſun.
Hail, Univerſal Goodneſs! in full ſtream
Eternal flow! and thro' creation beam
On all who live in air, in earth, and ſea!
Whoſe life, whoſe breath, whoſe being flow from Thee!
That ſpark the Sun, all radiant, all bright,
To DEITY compar'd, is dark as night;
He who the light firſt fram'd, and piercing eye,
How bright in ſplendor! boundleſs ſpace muſt ſee!
Who wrought that winding labyrinth the ear,
And modulated ſounds—Shall He not hear?
Let goodneſs, truth, compaſſion, wiſe deſign,
Soft beauty, love, and harmony conjoin

With all the grandeur, ſymmetry and ſtate,
That ſtrike the human ſoul with good and great;
Lift up thine eyes to yon bright ſpangl'd ſky,
Where Suns and Syſtems, croud the mental eye!
What high-born ſouls may theſe vaſt orbs poſſeſs,
How far tranſcend the pow'rs and happineſs
Of the moſt perfect, wiſe, and moſt ſublime,
This earth can boaſt, or mortals moſt eſteem!
All are faint rays, from one Eternal Light,
As glimm'ring ſtars, that twinkle on the ſight.
Could we Creation graſp, all Nature view,
And range thro' ſpace to find perfections new,
Still all is finite, ſtill we ſearch for more,
Still boundleſs Pow'r and Wiſdom, we explore!
Thus on the reas'ning ſoul, we feel or ſee
Strong deep impreſſions mark'd of DEITY!
All infinite, eternal, good and wiſe,
Above, below, beyond, none elſe can riſe;
While Reaſon dictates, Nature calls aloud,
Omnipotence alone pertains to GOD!
Tho' circumſcrib'd our pow'rs, yet all unite
That nothing bounds Man's thought, but Infinite;
And ſure as finite, Infinite muſt be,
Thus rationals a DEITY can ſee,
Who, thro' eternity, from race to race,
Breathes life and joy, thro' univerſal ſpace;
Is Nature's ſoul, all Infinite, Divine,
Who fills, who bounds, and winds this vaſt machine!
Tho' dark, and undiſcern'd by human ſight,
His ways, incomprehenſible, are right.
If Man is fram'd by Infinite deſign,
He's ſure exactly ſuited to the line
That anſwers beſt his probitary ſtate,
And muſt be right, however fools debate;
A thouſand dreams and freaks have fill'd the mind,
How ſin and pain ſhould e'er afflict mankind;
By finite thought, what reaſon can be giv'n?
But that it wiſely is ordain'd by Heav'n;

Whate'er wild ſyſtems Mortals may pretend,
None elſe 'tis ſure could anſwer God's great end.
A part how ſmall of Heav'n's eternal ſcheme
Blind mortals ſee! tho' Infinite they blame;
Our pow'rs on earth, and eyes are made to bear
No light, beyond our mental atmoſphere,
Yet on wild error's wing vain zealots fly,
From God's high preſence, mount to deſtiny;
They fight on field of myſtical debate,
By ſtrange detail, of fix'd free will and fate;
And dream by creeds or comments, men deviſe,
Our lives to mend, or make the ſimple wiſe,
While pure Religion, moral or refin'd,
Is love to God, and love to all Mankind.
Thought mounts aloft, in queſt of wide extremes,
That pow'rful wiſh, an Infinite proclaims;
A day, when meaſur'd by a month, appears
Of ſome importance, but with thouſand years,
It looks a moment; go, extend your thought,
Ev'n millions in Eternity are nought!
The riſing mind aſcends from low to high,
By wide progreſſion, mounts up thro' the ſky,
Till loſt in magnitude, or boundleſs ſpace,
The finite mind, muſt Infinite embrace;
And all perfection, thought or ſenſe can find,
Are rays that beam from one Eternal Mind!

SOLILOQUY *on the* APPROACH *of* DEATH.

DEATH's dread approach, lights up the mental eye,
With bright'ning views, of vaſt Eternity;
It damps the wanton ſallies of the ſoul,
And points how ſwift our fleeting moments roll!
The glare of life extinguiſh'd, all around
Appears important! ſolemn! dark! profound!
A thouſand awful thoughts now croud the mind,
With paſſing ſcenes, and ſcenes we ſoon muſt find
Replete with novelty; but when, or where,
Or how the ſubtle ſpirit ſhall appear
When once diveſted of this frail machine!
To what new part of ſpace, Heav'n ſhall ordain
The fleeting ſoul to reſt? or can pure thought
Exiſt alone? or ſhall it ſink to nought?
Abhor'd conjecture! no! that cannot be,
But think it muſt, tho' from rude matter free.
Or ſome new vehicle it may aſſume,
Thro' bleſt abodes to glide, in youthful bloom
'Midſt ſaints and ſages, who their minds employ
In grand reſearches, in celeſtial joy.
Whether departed ſouls this world can view,
Or if thro' boundleſs ſpace, all ſcenes are new!
If clouds and darkneſs, round the Prim'ry cauſe
Of life and joy, ſtill hide great Nature's laws
From ſearch of ſubtle thought; till more refin'd
From ſtains terreſtrial on the Human mind!
Or if thro' varied ſtations we muſt range,
To fit the ſoul for laſt important change!
If to bright Orbs, or Planets ſouls remove,
Or thro' Elyſian's flow'ry fields they rove,
Where ſcenes progreſſive, to the mind diſplay
The diſtant proſpect of eternal day!

But if by death, to bleſt abodes we fly,
Tho' Nature ſhrink, who would not wiſh to die!
While racking pain, and ling'ring fell diſeaſe
Our fibres twiſt, and on our vitals ſeize!
While war and tumult, tear the tott'ring ſtate,
Or fire, or ſword, or rapine, wait our fate!
How ſweet by ſleep, our wearied eyes to cloſe,
And ſink in arms of death to ſoft repoſe!
Where all the ſcrambling multitude 'ere long,
In Grave, will mingle with the num'rous throng;
Where cow'rds and heroes, ſaints and ſinners lye,
Where ſoft-ey'd beauty, and deformity,
Mix with the mould'ring duſt of Kings and Knaves,
Who ſwell'd like bubbles, on the foaming waves
To burſt again; while tow'ring billows riſe,
To fill the wond'ring crowd with new ſurprize.
As riſing tides, ruſh on with rapid ſpeed,
And ſurge on ſurge, the glitt'ring phantoms feed,
With roaring noiſe, they rear their foaming tops,
When down the bubble's baſeleſs fabric drops.
Thus Mortals riſe, to fill the flipp'ry place
Of countleſs millions, who thro' ancient race
Important ſtood; where now proud Monarchs ſtand,
And deaths diſpenſe by their ſupreme command.
But ſoon the Tyrant with his Minions fall,
And Nature's ſable curtain covers all!
Whoſe ſubtle ſpirits, diſembodied rove
Thro' dark abyſs, or ambient light above,
In pain and hate, or piety and love;
Where thought refin'd, and intellectual joy,
The ſouls of ſaints with extacy employ,
Still changing, yet that ſweet delightful change,
May be, thro' vaſt immenſity to range
In queſt of new-born joys, new ſcenes to view,
And ſocial bliſs, eternally renew.

On WALKING *through a* CHURCH-YARD.

IN dark abodes, beneath this gloomy place,
What vaſt variety of Human race,
Here rendezvous! to mix their mould'ring clay
With earth's dead maſs, and Nature's voice obey!
The pris'ner here muſt ſtill a captive be,
Whoſe ſoul mounts high above captivity;
Here terminates oppreſſion's haughty pow'r,
Where worms proud tyrants' putrid duſt devour;
Here graceleſs prodigals with miſers ly,
Whoſe gods were gold, or who did fate defy;
Here lie the timid, anxious, and auſtere,
With fools, who laugh'd at ev'ry thing ſincere;
Here mimics, wits, and ſceptic critics find,
That all their puns, and reaſonings were blind;
The grave admits no irony, no ſcheme
Of dark debate; Eternity's the theme!
Thou pleaſing, anxious, intereſting view!
Where ages after ages ſtill renew
Their conſtant courſe, to ſwell the tide of Time;
Eternity! how awful! how ſublime!
When on the bed of anguiſh, we ſurvey
A ſoul immortal, plum'd to wing her way
From mortal ſcenes, to ſome new diſtant ſphere
Thro' vaſt immenſity, we know not where;
If thought e'er fir'd a reas'ning mind below,
That thinking ſoul will ſtretch her pow'rs to know
Where ſhe ſhall reſt; to what new regions fly,
When faint the frame, and flutt'ring on to die!
Whether to ſcenes of pleaſure or of pain,
Or if the ſpirit ne'er ſhall think again!
Thou mean, unmanly, inconſiſtent thought!
That high-born ſouls were fram'd to fall to nought,

Or dream that death alone, the ſoul can ſave,
From dire remorſe, in deep eternal grave!
In whoſe dark manſions, works of darkneſs ceaſe,
With ſhatter'd remnants of the Human race;
Here love's bright lamp, and beauty's glowing flame,
No more ſhall actuate the am'rous frame!
The proud, the peeviſh, indolent, and weak,
The belle, the beau, the gambler, and the rake,
Here all their vain and flutt'ring foibles leave,
With ſilence deep, they mingle in the grave;
Where wretches meet to terminate their woes,
And wearied trav'llers find a quiet repoſe!
Here lie the noble, generous, and brave,
The mean, the madman, hypocrite and knave,
To mix with duſt, of Chriſtian, ſaint and ſage,
Who late adorn'd the paſt and preſent age;
The helpleſs widow's friend, the orphan's ſtay,
Here reſt, till dawn of bright eternal day!
The high, the low, the potentate, and ſlave,
All mingle in the dark and ſilent grave,
To be untwiſted, and the brittle frame
Transform'd to elements, from whence it came,
By Heav'n's decree; who hides from mortal eye
All but the preſent point they occupy;
Where diſtant views of future ſtate appear,
In awful, dark, obſcurity and fear!
But faith or hope, a horizon extends,
And plumes the wing on which a ſoul aſcends
Above this fleeting ſcene; they ope a view
That ſtrikes the mind with all that's grand and new;
They bid earth's narrow point of ſpace appear
As atom, on immenſe and boundleſs ſphere!
Where kings and kingdoms, mortal pomp and pow'r,
Grow up and wither, as a fading flow'r;
Where time, and all its revolutions roll
As bubbles on the wave, to high-born ſoul!
Who views whole ages as a paſſing day,
Or fleeting clouds, the wind ſwift bears away;

Beholds with awe, the fun'ral pomp of death,
Announcing loud, a friend's departed breath!
The ſolemn toll reſounds from hollow bell,
Or doleful dirge! where each important knell
Strikes thro' the ſoul, and to the juſt proclaim,
Their ſpirits ſoon muſt quit this mortal frame;
No more to animate the mould'ring clay,
But from earth's fetters, ſwift will glide away,
To happy regions of unfading day!

On that SERENITY *which ſhould attend a* MIND *qualified to retire from Buſineſs in the* EVENING *of* LIFE.

KIND Heav'n's beſt bleſſings to the Human race,
Are ſweet content, ſerenity and peace;
They ſtill the tumults of the ruffl'd breaſt,
And, to the ſoul, diſplay a conſtant feaſt.
Vain pomp and pow'r, the wretched here may find,
But void of peace, how joyleſs are mankind!
Love, hope and joy, all ſparkle thro' the face
Of heart-content, tranquillity and peace.
When peace proceeds from conſcious innocence,
Serene, we tow'r above the fogs of ſenſe;
The ſoul aſpires to pleaſures more refin'd,
To joys, which elevate the human mind.
As far as thought, or ſpirit'al joy exceeds
The tranſient bliſs of epicure, who feeds
A taſte that tickles, while the ſtomach craves,
Or ſot, who drinks, and like a madman raves;
So doth that ſoul ſerenity poſſeſs,
Who feels, who pities, and relieves diſtreſs.
Each ſenſe, by overſcratching, ends in pain,
And itch we muſt, before we ſcratch again;

But mental joys, the higher mortals go,
The more enlarg'd, the leſs will overflow.
A ſoul ſublime, with philoſophic eye,
To Contemplation's airy field will fly;
Immenſity alone can bound the view
Of works divine, all marvellous, all new!
The ſoul exults, her active pow'rs expand,
She views a mountain, as a grain of ſand,
The mind looks down on ſublunary bliſs,
As fleeting, ſhort, uncertain happineſs;
On kings, and mighty monarchs, all combin'd
To forge eternal ſhackles for mankind,
As flaſh of fire, as thunder's threat'ning voice,
Which timid minds alarm, by roaring noiſe;
But ſoon the clouds diſpel, they fly away,
And Heav'n's eternal purpoſe muſt obey.
When worlds and ſyſtems roll upon the thought,
Earth's fleeting ſcenes ſink down, and fall to nought;
There ſouls immortal riſe, and ſoar on high,
To boundleſs ſpace, to vaſt eternity;
'Tis there, and there alone, where mortals find,
A rational tranquillity of mind.
But poor blind mortals vex themſelves in vain,
With dire remorſe, perplexity and pain,
'Bout ſad events, which henceforth may appear
To flow from wild romantic dread and fear,
Or from indulgence of a ſtrange diſeaſe,
That others bliſs alone their minds can pleaſe;
'Tis what we wiſh, more than we can poſſeſs,
Our fancies fill with fears, or happineſs;
Whether a thouſand, or ten thouſand more,
Or if an hundred thouſand we adore,
All that exceed what we can freely uſe,
Are loads of lumber, miſers to amuſe.
Where ſpleen, or pride, their reſtleſs wiſhes fix,
On gilded trappings, or a coach and ſix,
That charming vehicle, a chaiſe and pair,
The env'ous eye, alas! no more can bear!

Let giddy youth, their flutt'ring minds amuſe
With airy dreams; old age hath no excuſe
For ſuch fantaſtic fooleries of ſenſe;
Their joys are hope, and ſoft benevolence.
As mirth, like flaſh of light'ning, bright and clear,
So tranſient joys of giddy youth appear;
But, as the gilding rays of ev'ning ſun,
A gay old man beholds his ſun go down;
No fogs, no darkneſs, cloud his azure ſky,
Serene, he feels the ſweets of ſocial joy!
To rear up youth, to lead the tender mind
To truth and virtue, this old age will find
A richer feaſt than all the joys of ſenſe;
How ſweet the pleaſure of benevolence!
But when old men, capricious and auſtere,
To youthful gaieties, become ſevere,
They quench the nobleſt feelings of the ſoul,
And dream, kind Nature's dictates to controul.
Tho' age and youth, in action diſagree,
Yet unconnected, none can happy be;
Youth chears old age, whoſe languid pow'rs require
A gentle flame, to keep the ſoul on fire.
But when auſtere, proud, ſullen and moroſe,
(As nipping froſt young buds will ne'er diſcloſe),
You ſtop the current of their genial fire,
While gay old age, will ſparkling youth inſpire
With ſentiment, with pure regard and love,
To all who kindly infant minds improve.
Think on ſome foible of your early years,
What then you felt, by what it now appears,
How did you then auſterity deſpiſe,
Rever'd the affable, as good and wiſe?
With pleaſure liſten'd to their ancient tale,
While proud, old cruſty pedants turn'd you pale.
Young minds are led by gentle cords of love;
The art of age, is how we youth reprove;
Wouldſt thou to infant ſouls, ope light divine,
Dark clouds diſpel—let ſocial virtue ſhine!

Religion paint as Reaſon's nobleſt ſcheme,
And picture Vice, as man's eternal ſhame!
Teach them the Tenets of Eternal Truth,
With thoſe rich Gems, adorn the minds of youth!
By their bright luſtre infant ſouls will ſhine,
And riſe with joy to Majeſty Divine.
Let reaſon with religion ever dwell!
With Heav'n's delights, more than the pains of hell,
Their tender minds impreſs! Let hope and love
Plume up their new-fledg'd wings, to ſoar above
The grov'lling paths of vice; let honour riſe
To fight for truth, and ſcorn all mean diſguiſe.
To clothe religion in a gloomy dreſs,
Wrapt up in myſtery,—young minds impreſs
With dreary windings, to thoſe paths of peace
Where virtue ſhines, to chear the Human race;
You wrong religion, cloud the riſing mind
With doubts and fears; or eye of Reaſon blind
By creeds and comments, or implicit faith
In dreams, which lead to that dark crooked path
Where crimes are ſanctify'd by ſolemn dreſs,
And minds are meaſur'd by what men profeſs;
Where youth, by ſects confin'd, or factious ſway,
As birds ſet looſe, to freedom wing their way!
The rational delights of ſocial bliſs,
By paths of virtue, lead to happineſs.
Let pure Religion's native beauties ſhine;
Young minds ſhe'll captivate—their thoughts refine.
From love, who can the infant heart reſtrain!
How can they love what gives them gloomy pain?
Or checks that pleaſant gaiety, which Heav'n
In kindneſs to ſweet infancy, hath giv'n,
To raiſe and animate the ſpring of life,
All free from care, perplexity and ſtrife?
When aged men are affable, polite,
In ſpite of Nature, youth and age unite;
They gain eſteem,—they riſe in ev'ry ſtage,
But ſhine the moſt in venerable age;

Where Reaſon ripen'd, all her pow'rs diſplay,
And ſweet inſtruction to young minds convey;
Teaching we learn, our mental pow'rs improve,
And by youth's fire, the ruſt of age remove.
By Nature's call, our children we defend,
But friendleſs youth on gen'rous minds depend,
As God's vicegerents, to ſupply the place
Of native parents, who from race to race
By inſtinct pow'rs, and by great Nature's voice,
In rearing up their offspring muſt rejoice!
But next to Nature's pureſt ſource of joy,
Are thoſe delights which lib'ral minds employ
In rearing up the poor and friendleſs youth,
In paths of virtue, induſtry and truth.
Sweet infant innocence blows up the flame
Of love and pity, in the Human frame;
Dependence ſpeaks protection, parents make,
And bids the pow'rful patroniſe the weak.
The Gentle Fair, kind Heav'n at firſt deſign'd,
To charm the ſoul, and fire the gen'rous mind
With all the kind endearing pure deſires,
Which Nature prompts, or tender love inſpires
To ſweeten life, weak infancy protect,
And ſofteſt feelings of Mankind direct.
To THEE, the friendleſs ORPHANS lift their eyes;
Kind Mother, Daughter, Siſter, hear their cries!
Plead with a Huſband, Son, or Brother's heart,
Heav'n to obey, and take the ORPHANS' part;
Their country calls, their honour is at ſtake,
Aſpiring Youth no Hero will forſake.
Religion, worth, and wiſdom all unite,
To raiſe, ſupport, and aggrandize the State;
The bonds of ſocial life muſt fall or riſe,
As friendleſs youth are barbarous or wiſe.
Grey hairs, from youth, command a due reſpect,
And youth from age, inſtruction muſt expect;
Thus Heav'n ordains, when youth and age conjoin,
One chears, the other, ſentiments refine.

But when by age we haſten to decay,
And peeviſh modes our feeble minds betray,
If riches then can purchaſe peace and eaſe,
Or guard each avenue to fell diſeaſe;
Exclude dull anxious care, or what we find
Is intricate, and may afflict the mind;
How vain and inconſiſtent muſt it be
To forge out chains for age, which ſhould be free
From toil, and all the cares of buſtling life,
From vain diſputes, perplexity and ſtrife,
From reſtleſs nights, the parents of diſeaſe,
And anxious thoughts, which murder peace and eaſe;
From pride, the nurſe of party-faction's zeal,
Where ſelf-applauſe admits of no appeal;
Where pow'r and pride, like ſmoke and fire, unite,
And parties join, the ſame, if black or white.
'Tis not the merit of a cauſe they ſeek,
But if their party's either ſtrong or weak,
Where faction reigns, pale envy lurks behind,
Thou bane of peace, and canker of the mind!
One ſubtile head can factious parties make,
And lead with eaſe, the ſimple, blind, or weak;
But o'er that faction, ſhould the candid riſe,
Proud envy feels the pang of mean diſguiſe.
Pride courts importance, weak men graſp at pow'r,
Thus party-faction o'er the wiſe may tow'r;
In all ſocieties they claim the lead,
And dream, the foot ſhould trample on the head.
Puff'd up by pride, hypocriſy, or ſtrife,
Defeat the nobleſt ſchemes of human life,
Where virtue, worth, and wiſdom, muſt give way,
To rage of faction's arbitrary ſway;
They ſtain religion, cloud pure virtue's light,
Whoſe rays with luſtre, ſhine on hearts upright,
They damp the ardour of the good and wiſe,
And all ſubvert by ſubtile mean diſguiſe.
Let hoary heads a party-faction fly,
The bane of truth, of love, and harmony!

Or if with violent parties we muſt fight,
Defend with boldneſs, thoſe who are Upright;
Stand forth for virtue's cauſe, ſupport the truth;
Nor quit concern, for poor and friendleſs Youth;
When conſcious dignity pervades the ſoul,
Integrity will factious minds controul.
But men of age, as arbiters ſhould be,
From wrangling, ſtrife, and all diſſenſions free;
The years, the months, the days they have to live,
Should end in peace; how noble to forgive
All paſt affronts, indignities, offence,
Uprightly live, and die like men of ſenſe!
In ev'ning of our days, the fruit of wealth,
Is ſocial love, ſerenity and health:
But wealth's eſſential uſe and end ſhould be
Mankind to bleſs, by love and charity;
To raiſe the humble, to relieve diſtreſs,
And ſcatter wide, the ſeeds of happineſs.
No ſenſual bliſs, no juvenile delight,
Nor whims of taſte, from fancy's dazzling light,
Can raiſe and elevate the Human mind,
Like deeds all noble, generous and kind;
The joys of love, benignity and grace,
Beam on the ſoul, ſerenity and peace;
From courts and crouds, theſe heav'nly ſtrangers fly,
To ſcenes of rural, pure ſimplicity,
Where Nature ſpeaks the language of the heart,
And none have learn'd to play a double part;
There men of age, with dignity appear,
And there relinquiſh buſy anxious care;
From buſtling noiſe they find a calm retreat,
And peace enjoy, when night of life draws late.
What more indulgence can old age propoſe,
Than days of eaſe, and nights of ſoft repoſe!
More to expect on earth, is all in vain,
Where to be bleſt, is to be free from pain;
Or if on earth, a greater bliſs we find,
It is a wife, upright, and faithful Friend.

But feeble age, when tott'ring to the grave,
With trembling hands, to graſp at gain, or ſave
What vig'rous youth, long labour'd to prepare,
For days of eaſe, when void of anxious care,
Is more abſurd, than to prepare a feaſt,
Nor taſte yourſelf, nor once invite a gueſt.
Thro' all the windings of the Human mind,
No turn's ſo dark, ſo difficult to find,
Or can perplex philoſopher or ſage,
As to account for avarice and age;
To toil thro' life, for what we ne'er can uſe,
And aim at joys, our feeble pow'rs refuſe.
While on the wing of infant life we fly,
Man's bud of being, thro' Eternity!
To cling ſo cloſe, to this ſmall point of ſpace,
And that immortal privilege deface
Which God and Nature dictates to the mind,
The conſtant wiſh, and hope of all Mankind,
With what religion teaches to believe,
As here we give, hereafter we'll receive.
To graſp at graſs, when verging to the grave,
And with indignant avarice to ſave
A hoarded magazine of gilded ore,
Or rich poſſeſſions, we can uſe no more,
Is paſt conjecture, void of all pretence,
Yet ſtrange! to ſee it oft in men of ſenſe,
Loſt to reflection, Nature diſobey,
And, wrapt in ſleep, miſtake their night for day!
But active youth, to imitate old age,
To check their ardour in a riſing ſtage,
And ſtem the tide of Nature's bold career,
They hurt the State, and move out of their ſphere.
Society, like one ſuperb machine,
Where ſprings, where wheels, and pullies all combine,
Should one refuſe his purpoſe to obey,
The whole muſt feel his indolent delay.
Thus old and young, and middle age ſhould be
As wheels and ſprings, in wiſe ſociety,

Where ſprings important, ſlow and ſteady move,
So hoary heads of wiſdom ſoar above
A thouſand varied wheels, which round them play,
Yet all their main elaſtic pow'rs obey.
But ſhould old age, ſome active part aſſume,
Or to ſome whirling motion ſtill preſume,
No part important, in the grand machine,
The Architect can e'er to him aſſign.
Old age, when void of contemplation's fire,
From noiſe of buſtling life, will ne'er retire;
When keen purſuit of gain, inflames the ſoul,
And wayward paſſions riſe above controul,
The primroſe path, the ſoft ſequeſter'd ſcene,
Are dreary barren waſtes, and yawning pain.
The mind untutor'd in reflection's ſchool,
Old age but darkens, and confirms a fool;
Devote a life to paſſion, pride, or pelf,
When old, the mind is all wrapt up in ſelf,
To fruitleſs hope, of ſenſual bliſs a ſlave,
Till age and dottage, ſink her to the grave!
To ev'ry ſtage, kind Nature hath aſſign'd
Some proper bliſs, to pleaſe the ſenſe or mind;
But here blind mortals make the grand miſtake,
When youthful joys old age would ſtill partake,
As well at ev'ning join the jovial chace,
Or when the courſer's tir'd, enjoy a race,
Or dream at night, to ſip the morning dew,
As feeble age, her paſſions to renew;
Diſeaſe of dottage! why ſtill wiſh for more,
Than you can taſte or reliſh at threeſcore!
If well you've play'd your part on life's great ſtage,
Why be aſham'd of Venerable Age!
The young, the old, the gay, and the ſevere,
The Hoary head of upright men revere.
Kind Heav'n to age, reſerves the higheſt bliſs,
A mind ſerene, and ſocial happineſs;
The ſweet reflection of a gen'rous mind;
The juſt applauſe of God and all Mankind.

Let age to ſoft ſequeſter'd ſcenes retire,
And ſimple Nature's rural face admire;
There ſouls exult, behold with grateful eye,
The grand magnificence of Deity;
There all around, above, below, they find
A ſweet indulgence to the reas'ning mind.
To ſhift the ſcene, and ſocial life enjoy,
Let Public Weal, your active pow'rs employ;
Train up the indigent in life's firſt ſtage,
And prop the tott'ring paths of feeble age;
There will you find employment, there receive
A nobler joy, than buſtling noiſe can give!
In varied ſcenes, your time will glide away,
And ſtill by action, Nature's voice obey,
Who calls aloud, beware of yawning hours!
The bane of health, and all our mental pow'rs!
By indolence they fade, by action riſe,
A dull inactive life, let all deſpiſe.
But age and gentle exerciſe agree,
The Mind from anxious cares ſhould then be free;
No juvenile exploit, no am'rous feat,
Pretend to ſhow, in hours of life ſo late;
No mercenary motives, vain pretence,
To toil in age, ſhould move a man of ſenſe,
Whoſe fortune claims his ev'ning to employ,
In ſocial love, ſerenity and joy.
On contemplation's wing, let fancy fly
From fleeting time, to vaſt Eternity;
Religion crowns the hoary head of age,
And adds a dignity to life's laſt ſtage;
It diſſipates the clouds which round us roll,
And ſpeaks ſweet conſolation to the ſoul;
As life's revolving courſe now fades away,
Bleſt hope, beams forth the dawn of new-born day.
The Hoary head with Philoſophic eye,
Who time compares with dread Eternity;
Ten thouſand ages on the mind revolve,
Where Nature's flux, did mortal ſcenes diſſolve,

And twice ten thouſand ages ſtill muſt be,
How grand the proſpect of Eternity!
When he reflects, from youth to threeſcore years,
How ſhort life's quick tranſition now appears;
Of Life Immortal, what ſmall part is gone,
'Midſt ages paſt, and ages yet to run;
The ſoul exults, her atmoſphere extends,
To ope new ſcenes, where Sceptics' proſpect ends.
When life's bright lamp decays, her night draws late,
No light can chear, like hope of Future State;
Bleſt Hope Immortal, brightens feeble age,
It lights the path of Chriſtian, Saint, and Sage;
At death's approach, all reſolute, all brave,
It ſlops a gentle paſſage to the Grave.
To mix again with Earth our mould'ring clay,
The God of Nature's purpoſe to obey;
Who calls the high-born intellectual Mind,
To ſome new part of ſpace, far leſs confin'd,
Where pain, and all perplexity will ceaſe,
Where ſouls upright, exult in endleſs peace;
Where friends will meet, and ſentiment refine,
Where clouds diſpel, and Suns eternal ſhine;
Where all the winding labyrinths of fate,
Appear conſiſtent with this chequer'd ſtate;
Where Reaſon ripens, new perceptions riſe,
Where Mortals all appear without diſguiſe;
Where Saints will ſee, that Heav'n's eternal plan,
Is peace on Earth, and good will towards Man.

ADVICE

ADVICE *to* YOUTH.

FROM Ten to Twenty, lay up ſtore!
If ignorant at Twenty-four,
At Thirty, you'll come little ſpeed!
At Forty, you're a fool indeed!

But if when old, a youth would happy be,
He climbs to wealth, thro' virtuous induſtry;
By worth and wiſdom, ſhines in ev'ry ſtage,
And feels the joy of Venerable Age.

INSCRIPTION *between the Pillars at the entry to the* HOSPITAL.

FRIEND to the helpleſs ORPHANS! here you'll find,
The ſweet indulgence of a GEN'ROUS MIND!

In the ORPHANS' HALL.

CHRISTIANS,

THINK, what theſe helpleſs ORPHANS were!
Behold, how happy now they are!
Conſider in Society!
What future bleſſings they may be.

The voice of Nature ſpeaks from age to age,
And pleads the aid, of Chriſtian, Saint and Sage;
To rear the tender minds of friendleſs Youth,
In paths of virtue, induſtry and truth.

The ORPHANS HYMN *of* GRATITUDE *to their* BOUNTIFUL BENEFACTORS.

FATHER of all! to Thee we raiſe
Our infant ſouls, in hymns of praiſe!
Who kind and gen'rous hearts inſpires
With Charity's benign deſires.
May all ſucceeding ages bleſs,
The Father of the fatherleſs!

All friendleſs, and without a home,
We here did helpleſs Orphans come,
To this delightful, ſafe abode,
Where friends we found, ordain'd by God,
May all, *&c.*

O bleſs the bounteous and humane!
Whoſe lib'ral Alms our lives ſuſtain!
And all our daily wants ſupply,
In them we hope, on them rely.
May all, *&c.*

Do Thou tenfold their gifts repay!
We children here will ever pray,
Long may they live, and happy be,
In time, and thro' Eternity!
May all, *&c.*

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30
61
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